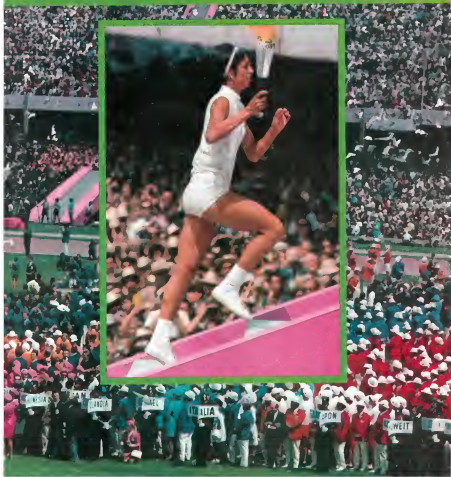



Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 21, 1968 35 CENTS

OLYMPICS ON THE WAY



A close-up photograph of a bottle of Grant's 8 Year Old Highland Blend Scotch Whisky. The bottle is white with a red label that features the brand name 'Grant's' in a large, stylized font. Below it, the words 'STAND FAST' and 'Blended Scotch' are visible. A glass filled with whisky is partially visible in the foreground, with a hand holding it. The background is a soft, out-of-focus white.

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Next week

AN OLYMPIAN TREAT from Mexico. In color, with words by John Underwood, the grandeur and excitement of the Games as 7,886 of the world's best athletes go after the gold

RACY SPORTS CARS built by a New Zealander in England with Chevy engines are running off with the rich Can-Am racing series. Ken Chapin tells how Bruce McLaren does it.

A RARELY OBSERVED scene of action is the schlock at a college football game. The drama, which the man in the stands misses, is replayed in seven pages of color photographs

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



OUR OLYMPIC STAFF in Mexico City includes (standing, left to right) Photographer Clarkson, Editor Cramer, Reporters Reed, Camacho, Olum, (kneeling) Underwood, Verschoth, Editor Terrell, Photographer Cooke. When this picture was made Photographers Drake, Jones and Laifer were on the job elsewhere.

After a riotous—so to speak—six days of acclimatization, our 12-member Olympic staff in Mexico City finally got down to the business at hand last week. Bob Creamer, the editor in charge, has hair a little grayer than when he arrived, busied himself planning assignments that would send writers, reporters and photographers on their rounds. The first major assignment in which all five of our photographers (Cooke, Clarkson, Leifer, Iones and Drake) took part was the opening ceremonies at the Olympic Stadium. Photographers Jerry Cooke and Neil Leifer shot the pictures that appear on this week's cover.

Each day as the group left the house at Crater 615, Pedregal that SI has rented for the Games, Creamer—like a harried father admonishing teen-age children before they set out in the family car for a Saturday night whoope-do—reminded them of the rules: 1) keep in touch with the house at reasonable intervals, and 2) cover no more riots. These rules were the natural outcome of an incident that occurred shortly after the staff arrived—the visit of Bob Ottum, Jerry Cooke and Anita Verschoth to the Plaza of the Three Cultures to report a student demonstration. When the Mexican army closed in on the plaza with guns blazing,

ing, the three newsdoves fluttered in the middle of it all. They had been strolling around, Cooke taking pictures of the scene. In those quick seconds after the shooting began, he got several photographs of the students fleeing in panic. Then the three dove into their car, pulling a couple of frightened students in with them. They crouched on the floor of the car for more than an hour as the battle swirled around them.

Last week there were only the usual run-of-work problems encountered at any Olympics. The domestic scene at Crater 615 was calm, except for one minor problem, which Jerry Cooke considered major. Nobody had yet figured out how long to boil the eggs that Jerry must have each morning for breakfast. Mexico City altitude, an addition to making it difficult for athletes to breathe, also makes for very waterlogged three-minute eggs. Our chefs are still experimenting and are up to six minutes now. "Meanwhile," says Creamer, still talking like a harried father, "we're letting Cooke drink his eggs."

Gary Ball

Sports Illustrated

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BOOKTALK

If it happened in pro golf in 1967, you'll find it in McCormack's new book

The *World of Professional Golf—1968 Edition* (World Publishing Company, \$10.95) is, like its predecessor, a remarkable book. It was written—or maybe compiled is the better word—by Mark H. McCormack, the attorney-agent for Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player, and it is dedicated to the three of them. McCormack's volume is an exhaustive and thorough review of the 1967 pro-golf season, complete with the statistics of almost every pro tournament from Augusta to Auckland.

Care to know what Yoshimasa Fuji shot in the second round of the Singapore Open? This huge 480-page volume will tell you that (he shot a 69) as well as a great deal more relevant information certain to be of interest to the golf fanatic, which is what McCormack calls himself and his client Palmer. But the book goes far beyond such cataloged statistics. What makes it special are the summaries it includes of the leading championships of the world—the Masters, U.S. Open, British Open, etc.—the week by week account of the PGA tour and the roundups of the foreign tours.

Many of these are enriched with details not previously reported. For instance, in the chapter on the Masters, McCormack tells us that Bert Yancey, who led the tournament for the first three days, cut his foot on a broken bottle during the second round of the 1964 U.S. Open, putted out with a towel wrapped around it, then went to a hospital where 45 stitches were taken.

Those who think of Doug Sanders only in terms of gaudy golfing apparel will learn that his cracks are almost as sharp as his talent. Sample: "Raymond Floyd has great potential, but he has one big weakness. He spends too much time with me."

The chapters on the foreign tournaments are especially interesting since little was written about them in the U.S. press. Reviewing the British Open, McCormack has some interesting things to say about the famous Hoylake course, and the differences between British and U.S. country clubs, galleries, television coverage and even the scoreboard systems. Finally, McCormack recreates Roberto de Vicenzo's victory in the British Open in a way that always gives the impression he watched every player hit every shot. If there is a criticism to be leveled at the book, it is that McCormack spends a bit too much time discussing the players in his own stable, not only Palmer, Nicklaus and Player, but lesser ones as well. But perhaps that is to be expected. After all, without McCormack's players there wouldn't be an awful lot to write about.

—WALTER BINGHAM

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SCORECARD

WILD IN THE STREETS

The expression "We may have lost the game, but we are going to win the party" conveys a venerable sporting sentiment, but the annual commemoration of the Texas-Oklahoma game in Dallas has gone beyond that. For one thing, the Texas-OU blowout takes place the night before the game, before either college's supporters should feel obligated to take anything out on anyone. For another thing, few of the thousands of assorted remora who cram themselves into a four-square-block area of downtown Dallas every year have any relation to either school. They just welcome an opportunity to hoot, holler, choke intersections, break windows, fight, watch topside dancers on the sidewalks and get arrested. Last year police hauled in 466 on charges ranging from drunkenness to "assault to murder." Only 22 were college students.

This year—Friday night, October 11—Dallas was ready. Some 800 regular and reserve policemen were on duty—300 of them in plain clothes and the rest outfitted as though they were expecting the Democratic Convention. It was the biggest show of police force in the city's history, but just to be on the safe side merchants along Commerce Street boarded up their windows and hotels locked their doors, unlocking them only for registered guests.

The result was what might in comparison with other years be called law and order. A policeman and two other people were seriously injured in the clogged traffic, and another policeman had his helmet blown off when someone threw what was believed to be an artillery simulator toward the Police and Courts Building. Otherwise, there were 643 arrests—a record—but they were largely preventive.

Civic leaders Saturday praised the police for averting chaos. But police officials, privately, have said they would like to arrest so many revelers that Dallas would be abandoned as the game

site. Most people in Dallas, however, seem to favor keeping the game. They would just like to see the riot moved.

FROG POLL

At a recent jumping contest in Marksville, La., a frog named Humphrey jumped 2' 11"; a frog named Nixon, 4' 9½"; and a frog named Wallace, 5' 2". But an outsider named Sally beat them all with a jump of 11' 11¼". She is our candidate.

BACK TO SCHOOL

Eight of the 11 black trackmen who lost their scholarships at the University of Texas at El Paso last spring after refusing to compete against Brigham Young (SI, July 15) are back at UTEP this fall, on different scholarships.

The athletes—Bob Beamon (who at the moment is in Mexico City representing the U.S. in the long jump), Robert Bethea, Robert Boalts, Chuck McPherson, Dave Morgan, Kelly Myrick, John Nichols and Jeremy Rodgers—have been aided by the efforts of the Disassociated Students Fund Coordinating Committee in El Paso. Since the committee was formed—just after school let out last summer—by athletes, other students and faculty members at UTEP, it has raised \$5,200—enough for a year's books and tuition and emergency housing and food assistance.

Local businessmen and other El Pasoans have lent support to the drive, and they now make up about half the committee, which is about half white and half black. The committee has formed a corporation, which pays bills for the athletes as required. Three of the eight have part-time jobs and the others are looking for work.

Committee Co-Chairman Arnold Sparks, a Negro and a retired Army master sergeant now working at the White Sands Missile Range and attending UTEP part-time, says 90% of the money raised so far has come in from people around the country who had read

of the athletes' stand. The bulk of the fund, in fact, was provided by one anonymous out-of-towner's check for \$2,800. Sparks says a greater effort to drum up local donations is now being made. A recent fund-raising dance sponsored by a local Negro social club brought a few hundred people and \$275.

Hurdler Myrick, who is the committee's co-treasurer, expresses some disappointment in the results so far. "We've set for another year," he says. "We've got more money coming in. But it could have been, should have been, better. We need as much money as it takes to send us through school."

None of the eight plan to go out for track at UTEP. "We've been told we can't," says Myrick.

SERIOUS DARTS

America does not have dart professionals, as England does—a few British stars are paid to carry the colors of dart or beer firms in pub exhibitions—but in Southern California, at least, darts is becoming a serious sport.

There are 600 members in the Southern California Dart Association, and 38



eight-man teams are currently competing in SCDA events. The matches are held on Friday nights in various sponsoring bars, and are attended by devoted statisticians and capacity crowds. Quiet prevails before every throw, and all lights are extinguished at the windup except the one spotlighting the board.

"Every board is different in play," notes Dick Mitruen, an eight-year veteran of the league. "Lighting differs, the

continued

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SCORECARD

background provides a different perspective, and even the air conditioner has an effect." The amount of soda a competitor consumes also must be considered in handicapping the field. Says Mitruen, "Some guys, sober, are so nervous they can't hit a thing I've seen them miss the board entirely, and after three or four beers they plunk the bull's-eye."

But that doesn't mean that darts is all beer and skittles. A leading player known as "Thermometer" (because he is so thin) sees it this way. "If you're a hungry tiger, you're a hustling dart player, and you're tough in competition."

But apparently it helps to be a thirsty tiger as well.

KNEES

Knees are big these days. More than 300 physicians from 37 states and Canada considered knees all one day at Niagara Falls last week, and they learned, for one thing, that knees cost pro football teams \$500,000 a year.

The source of this statistic was Dr. James A. Nicholas, team physician for the New York Jets and the man who operated on Joe Namath. There is one knee operation per eight men per squad per year in pro football, said Dr. Nicholas. And below the professional level, nearly 50,000 football knees are operated on every year.

The speakers at the seminar—part of the American Academy of Orthopaedic Surgeons' three-day course in sports medicine—seemed to agree that knee trouble generally begins in high school and that there has been more and more of it in recent years. "Suddenly kids who never did anything rough or built up their bodies in any way come out for football," says Dr. Fred L. Allman Jr. of Atlanta. "Their anatomy can't make the change." Dr. Allman says boys are less likely to be injured if they start playing contact sports earlier. And he recommends that coaches spend less time on game plans and more on conditioning.

There was also general agreement that artificial turf cuts down on knee injuries. And one participant suggested, controversially, that the taping of knees before games is an unnecessary fetter. But at any rate, observed Dr. Nicholas, we know that "the loose-jointed type of athlete" is more susceptible to hurt joints. Some 30% of the American population is loose-jointed, Joe Namath is. (Also E. J. Holub, who has had eight knee op-

erations, and Steve Tensi, who has hurt a knee in each of his three pro seasons.) Such people "can do many things that ordinary persons can't," explains Dr. Nicholas, and they are less likely to pull or strain muscles, but their flexible joints won't withstand so much force. "In pro football now, we try to make the flexible ones stronger and the strong ones more flexible. The ideal person has great strength to control the flexibility. Jimmy Brown is this type."

So a great pair of knees is going to waste in Hollywood.

HELPING HORSES

The Florida Legislature Subcommittee on Pari-Mutuel Affairs has recommended that Butazolidin, the drug that disqualifies Dancer's Image in the Kentucky Derby, be legalized in Florida.

"The weight of evidence," said a spokesman for the committee, "is that Butazolidin is neither a stimulant nor a depressant and that it cannot make a horse run beyond his natural potential. It is an analgesic."

But that is not the whole point. Butazolidin may not soup a horse up, but the lack of it can slow one down. If a horse can be run under the influence of Butazolidin, it can be run "hot and cold"—medicated when someone wants to bet on the horse, and unmedicated when someone wants to bet against it.

That, no matter what the legislators of Florida feel, would not be good for pari-mutuel affairs—or for horses.

PAY THE MAN

When the Chicago Black Hawks opened their season last week at home, Bobby Hull was holding out. His fans, meanwhile, were doing their best to enter into his negotiations with the club.

"Give Bobby 100 Grand—Don't Be Cheap," read one banner rolled out in the stands. "No Bobby, No Fans, No Money," read another, and outside the stadium was a sign saying, in reference to Black Hawk Owner Arthur M. Wirtz, "Wirtz [sic] is Cheap."

Two days later the club, perhaps shamed, signed Hull, reportedly for 100 grand.

BOXED IN

The latest thing in Texas football accommodations will cost you \$50,000. That's the price of an Inner Circle private box in the stadium to be built in sub-

urban Irving for the Dallas Cowboys.

Eventually, say the Cowboys, the Inner Circle investor will get his money back. He puts it into stadium bonds over 35 years, and it entitles him to a 12-seat box for that period. By comparison, the Skyboxes in Houston's Astrodome, which hold as many as 24 seats, cost \$18,000 a year. In both cases the price of tickets is extra.

The boxes will be insulated against heat or cold, but not against crowd noises, by a wall of air. Each box will be fitted with two television sets, one presenting the game at hand by closed circuit and the other receiving the NFL telecast for common folks.

PREDATORS' FRIEND

"Birds of prey have a bad reputation," says Ernst C. F. Jocher, the falconer, "and this is utterly wrong." Jocher has just finished a three-week engagement in the courtyard adjoining the lions' cages at the Bronx Zoo, putting his 12 big birds—eagles, goshawks, owls, a kite, a caracara, a vulture, a kestrel and a buzzard—through their paces for sizeable audiences. They perch on his wrist and fly to a tree or perch on command (the buzzard, however disappeared for 12 hours), and the Latin American caracara, which was a holy bird of the Incas, even heels like a dog.

But Jocher says his main purpose in bringing the birds here for three weeks from his home in Ireland was to alert his audiences to the fact that birds of prey are being preyed upon. Nearly all of Ireland's "hunting birds," a name he prefers for the sake of the birds' image, have been shot, he says, and hence they disappear in this country there should be more federal legislation than the one law that prohibits the shooting of bald and golden eagles. Even this law, maintains Jocher, is ill-enforced. "Soon," he says angrily, "you won't even have your own emblem."

THEY SAID IT

- Alex Hannum, Oakland Oaks basketball coach, on the American Basketball Association's red, white and blue ball: "The only place a ball like that belongs is on the end of a seal's nose."
- Jack Geyer, L.A. Rams official, while watching the Purdue-Notre Dame game via television and seeing the Boiler-makers intercept a pass: "Well, the Rams-ratty's on the wall."

END

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HAWK IN A CORNFIELD

The race toward No. 1 gets an exciting new entry when the high-scoring Kansas Jayhawks, their peppery coach and their dashing quarterback all come through in the clutch to beat Nebraska's Cornhuskers **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**

It was a Saturday for troublemakers, one of those fierce fall afternoons when the coaches of college football's top-ranked teams wash the world would go away and leave them to dot their I's and cross their T's. But instead the world had turned out in enormous numbers to witness their trials: 85,000 in Columbus, where Ohio State reduced No. 1 Purdue to No. 9 on the scoreboard (page 52); 81,000 at Stanford, where No. 2 USC and its O. J. Simpson were tormented to distraction before escaping by a dram of Orange Juice; and 67,000 at Nebraska (the largest crowd in Big Eight Conference history), where the most distracting and surprising troublemaker of them all was on display, the Kansas team of Pepper Rodgers.

Startled coaches throughout the Big Eight have come to know—and agonize over—Franklin Cullen Rodgers of Kansas University as an unmitigated, four-square, upstart Apostle of the Unexpected. Why, he might lead his team onto the field with a brisk 37-year-old's version of a double somersault. He might pass on fourth and one at the 10-yard line. He might pull out his miniature chessboard without warning and challenge the nearest stranger to a game. And now, although there is no sure route through the trackless terrain of the unexpected, he just might—in his sophomore year as a head coach—have turned one of the Midwest's dormrats into a conference champion and a national power.

At the very least, Rodgers and his men took a solid step in that direction on Saturday. In a rugged showdown with a typically formidable Nebraska team, KU's once-hapless Jayhawks took wing in a high-flying fourth quarter that gave them a 23-13 victory of considerable significance.

The game was the Big Eight opener for both teams, and both went into it boasting 3-0 records and a ranking in the Top 10. To Kansas' credit, the battle was met and won in Nebraska's notorious madhouse-red Memorial Stadium. Except for a teaspoonful of 5,500 brave, blue-blazered Jayhawk fans, the vast bowl overflowed with red windbreakers, red Sletsons, red berets, red feathers, red boots, red ponchos and a distinctly blood-colored demand for revenge—last year Rodgers had gotten his maiden victory as a head coach by beating the Cornhuskers 10-0.

This year, given a dismal pregame drizzle and the seriousness of the situation, there was no somersaulting onto the field by Rodgers. "I may do the unexpected, but I do not do the suicidal," he said. "No sane man turns somersaults in the face of that many enemies."

Not entirely unexpectedly, Kansas was a slight favorite. This largely was due to the preposterous scores it had run up against Illinois (47-7), Indiana (38-20) and New Mexico (68-7), and while the Jayhawk offense had averaged 51 points a game, Nebraska had tormented only 61 in defeating Wyoming, Utah and Min-

nesota. But in the course of its success, Kansas had not faced a really strong opponent and some of the team's more stimulating statistics—such as an average of 6.5 yards over each of 213 offensive plays—were not likely to be repeated against the kind of defense that Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney insists upon.

Nevertheless, Rodgers is considered by many to be something of an offensive guru—last winter Texas' own bright young man, Darrell Royal, spent a week in the study and meditation of offense with Pepper—and he has constructed an impressive attack at Kansas, where a 5-5 record so startled the Big Eight in 1967 that it named him Coach of the Year.

Rodgers' most brilliant move has been the resurrection of Quarterback Bobby Douglass, a left-handed howitzer who fires the ball so hard he once split a six-stitch cut in a receiver's palm. After a dismal sophomore season Douglass responded brilliantly to Rodgers' tutoring. He became the Big Eight's Back of the Year in '67 and in his first three games this fall he completed four touchdown passes, scored four himself, and had pro scouts calling him the best prospect among the college quarterbacks.

Rodgers' mastery in the craft of quarterbacking is well known; he was a good

continued

Kansas Quarterback Douglass, an unusually strong passer, ran the ball through Nebraska on touchdown drive that won for Jayhawks.





quarterback himself at Georgia Tech 15 years ago and his work as backfield coach at Florida and UCLA was a major reason behind the Heisman Trophy successes of Steve Sparrack and Gary Becken.

But good as Douglass is, the Kansas offense does not move by quarterbacking alone, and Rodgers has plenty of runners, the most distinguished of them being Tailback Doonnie Shanklin, a 5' 9", 168-pound sprinter who had a 16.7-yard average in 17 carries, and a 19-year-old sophomore fullback, John Riggins. It was a lot of offense to hold in check, even for a Devaney team.

In the first quarter Kansas looked unstoppable as Douglass, Shanklin, Riggins & Co. did just about everything well. They scampered, plunged, passed and generally gained yardage almost at will as they rolled up seven first downs to the Cornhuskers' one. They failed in only one tiny detail: they did not score any points. Nebraska opponents have seen that happen to them before.

The Kansas offense was not completely to blame for this. At one point it was poised on Nebraska's 10 with fourth and a yard to go. You can bet that seven other Big Eight coaches would have gone for a field goal or at least run a power play to try for the first down. But not Pepper the Unpredictable. He calls every play from the sidelines, because, as he puts it, "It is better for team morale. If a boy thinks he isn't carrying enough, he gets mad at me, not at the quarterback."

Thus time Rodgers called a gambling roll-out pass. It flopped, and so did the Jayhawks for the rest of the half. On the other hand, Nebraska took heart. Early in the second quarter the Cornhuskers made three quick first downs, thanks to slashing rushes by Halfback Joe Orduna, a quick, well-balanced runner who got 98 yards in 21 carries for the day, and Fullback Dick Davis. Yet Nebraska could not score either until it got a break. With less than five minutes left in the half Shanklin, a gifted punt returner who has averaged 28.7 yards per rumbuck, fumbled a kick on the Jayhawks' 28. Orduna recovered. On the next play Orduna hit the right side of the line, made an ad lib cutback across the middle and set out on a graceful, high-

horsepower touchdown run. Nebraska missed the extra point, but a barrage of red balloons rose from the stadium like spatters of blood against the overcast, and the Jayhawks were little more than walking wounded for the moment.

For all his pregame somersaults and his enthusiasm for surprise, Pepper Rodgers is no devotee of slogans, sobs and heart-string tugging in the dressing room. Like many a genial Georgia boy who masks a will of steel and a spine of ice with an easygoing drawl and a comfortable wit, he believes that cold basics are the foundation for success. During the half he made no major changes in strategy, nor did he launch into any tirades. "Good football is good preparation," he says. "If I had to make a lot of significant alterations in one 15-minute halftime, then our practices all season were wasted. I believe in proper execution, and you don't get that at halftime. I don't go for heat 'em up talks or signs either. My old coach at Tech, Bobby Dodd, used to say, 'If you send teams on the field with tears in their eyes, they can't see who to block.' And when I was with Tommy Prothro at UCLA I learned that gimmicks don't work in football—like they don't work in chess. Tommy and I played a lot of chess. I'd try the big play approach with him sometimes and sometimes I'd win. But not very often. He just played a patient—but not a predictable—game of chess and he'd tell me, 'Just remember it's best to win the sure way.'"

After their unsure performance in the second quarter, the Jayhawks seemed sharper in the second half. They blocked a Nebraska field-goal attempt after the kickoff, took the ball briefly and gave it up when Bill Bell punted 50 yards to Nebraska's one. Devaney then called his own version of the unexpected. At fourth and four on the Nebraska six he had Quarterback Ernie Sigler take the ball from center and stroll into the end zone for a deliberate safety.

"The score was 6-0," he explained, "and I figured a six-point lead was not much better than four, and with a guy as quick as Shanklin in the game, I wanted to kick the ball to him farther downfield than we could from behind the goal line."

Sure enough, Kansas did nothing after the free kick, but a couple of minutes later Nebraska's Dick Davis fumbled a pitchout from Sigler on his own

19, tried to pick it up and had it scooped out from under his hands by Kansas Linebacker Emery Hicks. Shanklin, John Riggins and Douglass took it from there to the one, and Shanklin hurdled in for the touchdown. The extra point made it 9-6 Kansas—the Jayhawks' first lead of the game.

It did not last long. Early in the fourth quarter Nebraska churned out a typical Cornhusker drive, slow and steady, using 10 plays to cover 48 yards before Orduna went over from the one. So now, with 9:58 to go in the game and trailing 13-9, Pepper Rodgers' 1968 Jayhawks faced a hitherto unknown (if not entirely unexpected) crisis: their 31-point-a-game offense was looking suspect, and the proof of their past—as well as their future—lay in how well Douglass could attack that Nebraska defense.

No chess master could have asked for more. Starting on their own 27 after the kickoff, the Jayhawks methodically, precisely and confidently fought their way up field. Douglass looked like a Starr as well as a star. He used 13 plays—all solid, none particularly spectacular—to reach Nebraska's one, then took it in himself with 4:09 left. The Kansas defense, anchored by Linebackers Hicks, Mickey Doyle and Pat Hutchens (who weighs 167 pounds), then smothered Nebraska inside its own 30, and after a last-hope, fourth-down charge by Orduna was stopped on the Cornhusker 26, Quarterback Douglass rambled 10 yards around left end for a final touchdown that made it 23-13.

Later, in the steaming locker room under Memorial Stadium, a delighted Pepper Rodgers seemed scarcely surprised at what his team had wrought. "They were all just magnificent," he said. Yes, Pepper, but what about the unexpected? What about that cool, methodical drive for the key touchdown? Where were the surprises? "Well, it's a matter of patterns," he said. "Eventually the pattern of the unexpected really becomes the expected because you do it so consistently. Then, of course, when you switch to the expected, it becomes the unexpected. Do you follow me?"

Some may agree with the logic and some may not. But it's safe to assume that Jayhawk fans will follow Pepper Rodgers wherever he chooses to lead this season. The Apostle of the Unexpected has given rise to great expectations in Kansas.

END

PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR SHAR

Jayhawk Fullback John Riggins (32) tried flying, disoriented Pepper Rodgers tried shouting and poor Bob Devaney could only say he tried.

TRIALS OF AN UNLONELY MILER

As the XIX Olympics begin, America's best hope in the 1,500 meters found himself so besieged that he had to leave the Olympic Village and train on quieter public highways to get ready for his stern ordeal by BOB OTTUM

They were starting to come through the track barricades after him, and everywhere Jim Ryun looked a camera stared back at him. In warmups he was running through a litter of newsmen and photographers—a UPI man here, a Reuters man there—all seeking to record his special agonies. In the Olympic Village bands of people buzzed around him, in some cases tugging his shirttail right out of his pants, and when he stopped to talk to friends the people kept going round and round him like satellites.

All this attention is understandable, although it would be easier to understand if Jim Ryun had the star quality and perhaps the look of eagles of a Bob Seagren, who vaults, or that cool, excuse-me-while-I-go-win-a-gold-medal stance of Mark Spitz, who swims. What Ryun has is a sort of Bomba-revisted look, big dark eyes behind black-rimmed glasses, a lean body all loosely assembled, a polite frown, the head thrust forward earnestly. But now, in these terrible days, Ryundays, Jim Ryun is having superstar quality thrust upon him.

This is because he runs very fast, as everyone knows: the mile in a world-record 3:51.1, the 1,500 meters in a world-record 3:33.1. And perhaps part of the reason why people are so drawn to him is that he looks magnificent doing it, so full of aloof, lonely pain with every step. When Ryun runs, the world runs right along there with him. In the past year people have come to suffer along with him, too: through injury, through mononucleosis, which he had this past spring, and through the bleak period of fighting back. And now he is the mainstay of these XIX Olympic Games (*see cover*) so far as Americans are concerned, a symbol that everything may yet be all right with the country.

Ryun did not seek the role. It is, as one coach observed last week, an awful time for something like hero worship to

happen. What Ryun must do now in the midst of it is run as well as he can for three straight days. First, a trial heat in the 1,500. The next day a semifinal heat. Then, this Sunday afternoon at about 3:30 p.m. Mexican time, if he has indeed survived to the finals, he must take his place with the other runners of his own world class in that Olympic bowlful of people (and with millions more watching him on television) and deliver. He must control the pack through the quarters, control the runners with his own pace or the threat of his own kick until he has them whipped—and then finish first. He has to win. He feels that anything less will not be enough, not silver, not bronze. "If you don't make it you are nothing," he says.

There must be few if any runners who have gone through the tortures of getting ready under as much merciless, cold-eyed publicity. This has become a peculiar campaign, a get-inside Jim Ryun assignment. Look into Ryun's head and get pictures of him asleep, awake, eating, shaving, walking, tying on his track shoes, running. Get Ryun throwing up, we understand he gets sick after he runs. In Mexico an assistant coach finally turned to one of Ryun's friends, Photographer Rich Clarkson, and said, "Get him out of here. Take him away somewhere. Keep him out of the village as much as possible."

The team had arrived on a Monday. On Tuesday morning Ryun went to the university stadium to practice. "I walked in with George Young and Conrad Nightingale," he said, "and all of a sudden the reporters and photographers came down on me. We couldn't run. There was no room. Every one of them wanted an interview. I tried to tell them that there was to be a press conference that night, but it didn't work. And we just had to train. Finally we started running. We would charge the photogra-

phers just a little bit—run right at them—to get them back three or four feet so we could run."

There was a press conference that night. Writer Jerry Megahan of *The News* of Mexico City called it the most heated thing this side of the Spanish Inquisition: "a little lake inviting sharks to a grunion hunt." Ryun fielded a few questions, starting with that old unoriginal beauty: What did he think the winning time would be? Well, Kipchoke Keino of Kenya had run 3:39 over 1,500 meters at 7,680 feet, Ryun said, and that sounded like a very good time. And he added that athletes like Keino, who live at high altitude, would have a natural advantage in Mexico City. Whoops. In the light of that statement, would Ryun say that this was an unfair Olympics? Ryun colored a bit. He would not. What he would say was that everyone had to run at the same altitude and that results would generally reflect abilities.

A couple of days later Ryun slipped out of the Olympic Village—leaving his belongings behind—and moved into a thing called Villa Coapa, a sort of spare Olympic Village East down the road, where his fiancée, Kansas State University cheerleader Anne Smoler, was staying with her mother and father and a massed formation of sisters, one brother and a sister-in-law. He began to train part of the time by running along on the highways nearby. They were not exactly Tartan, but they were a lot more private than the Tartan training track.

Each day there were the usual little "psychs," as Ryun calls them. "Ten or 12 people came to me and said that Keino ran a 3:43 in practice and that he looked very close to the finish. And that Wilson Kiprugut ran a 1:45 over 800 meters. Stories like that go on all the time. But my attitude is that they would never come to me and tell me

this unless they were concerned about me. Other than Bodo Tummeler of West Germany—Bodo and I get along very well—I stay away from everyone. I find it difficult to talk with Keino. He just does not want to talk."

Still, it was clearly becoming harder for Ryun to build up the acute sense of lonely concentration he wanted. "I try to keep myself mentally alert," he said, "so in case somebody moves on me in the race I am sharp enough to move with him. The big field will be a problem. If it is a slow race they will be very much bunched. The big problem will be in running a smart race."

"The day of the race I'll probably worry a lot. I'll get up for breakfast. Then I'll go back and sleep for a while. I'll want to go out and do things—like walk around the village and play cards. I'll keep going back in my mind to the little things, positive things. I will select certain races and play them back inside my head. My best races. And I'll think to myself that if I ran this well in those races, I should run well in the Olympic Games."

One morning Ryun and Anne and Anne's family slipped away to Mexico City's National Museum of Anthropology, where nobody seemed to know Ryun from the Aztec statues. They had a lunch of hamburger steaks and strawberry milkshakes and talked about artfully dodging the receiving line at the U.S. Embassy reception the night before. "The Ambassador read us a four-page greeting from President Johnson," Ryun said. "It was something about doing good at the Olympics."

"Do good," he sighed. "It bothers me that the public thinks I am such a great individual. I think I shouldn't be such an overwhelming favorite. People who have been around for a while should at least understand that it hasn't been a very healthy year for me and they shouldn't pick me as the favorite."

Ryun waved goodbye to the family and got into a car to go back to the waiting mob at the Olympic Village. Was the pressure building up? Yes, he sighed again. Moodily, he stared out of the window. Finally he took a deep breath and put his head against the car window and closed his eyes. He slept all the way back to the village.

END



Away from it all, Jiri Ryun goes sightseeing in Mexico City with his fiancée, Anne Sander.

HOMERS OVER THE RAZZMATAZZ

It was supposed to be between McLain and Gibson, but the 1968 World Series turned into a confrontation between the heavy hitters of Detroit and the swift runners of St. Louis. Mickey Lolich helped a bit, too by MARK MULVOY



Sudden hero Lolich reared after last win.

Mickey Lolich, the mad motorcyclist of Detroit, had just outpitched Bob Gibson to win the World Series for the Tigers, and now he stood on a stool inside his locker stall and alternately poured champagne over his head and into his mouth (more of it into his mouth, it seemed). "You all thought I was an improbable hero, but I came sneaking through," said Lolich, ducking to avoid a bubbly spray that Denny McLain was squaring in all directions. "There's always been somebody ahead of me. A hitter like Al Kaline. A pitcher like Denny. It was always somebody else—never Mickey Lolich. But now my day has finally come."

Until Lolich beat the Cardinals three times in eight days and personally gave Detroit its first world championship in 23 years, he was considered just another flaky left-handed pitcher with unlimited potential. The reputation derived primarily from the five Kawasaki motorcycles Lolich owns. During the season he drove one of them to Tiger Stadium—a round trip of almost 40 miles

for most day games, and this never enhanced his standing with the Tigers. "Driving those things through the traffic around Detroit has got to be a whole lot scarier than pitching to any hitter," said Tiger Manager Mayo Smith.

When he did pitch, Lolich was consistently inconsistent. In 1967 he went 84 days in mid-season without winning a game; then he won nine of his last 10 decisions. This year he again slumped miserably, only to close strongly, winning four of his last five starts and finishing with a 17-9 record.

Still, he was the Avis of the Detroit pitching staff. McLain, who won 31 games and himself has a flaky reputation, was the Hertz. "Yes, I was always only the No. 2 or the No. 3 guy on this club," Lolich said.

When the Tigers were preparing to play the Cardinals in the World Series, it was suggested that Manager Smith avoid the obvious confrontation between McLain and Gibson in the first and fourth games, and instead use Lolich as the sacrificial lamb. Smith held course and pitched McLain as expected. It was McLain—who was Gibson's sacrificial lamb, while Lolich won the second and the fifth games, and in the ultimate matchup in the seventh game beat Gibson himself.

Every World Series naturally prompts a certain amount of reflection. Always there are the obvious assertions, offered by the league presidents: "Our league won the Series, so our league is better than yours," and, "A seven-game Series doesn't prove anything." There is also that obvious question, particularly in a Series that lasts for seven games and one team—in this case the Tigers—rallies to win the last three games. "What was the turning point?" Finally, there is the matter of the two teams: "Why did the Series turn out this way?"

The American League now has won two of the last three World Series, the National League has won four of the last six. There is a fundamental difference in the playing styles of each league. The National League concentrates mainly on tight defense, the American League on home-run "happenings." The Cardinals hit 73 home runs this year, only two more than the Chicago White Sox, who hit the fewest home runs in the American League. The Tigers hit 185 and the league as a whole was lustier. One obvious explanation: seven parks in the American League cater to the home-run hitter, while only three National League fields—Cincinnati, Chicago and Philadelphia—offer batters a reasonable chance to reach the fences.

In the last four World Series the Na-

tional League teams relied on hit-and-run and strong defensive tactics in its attempts to cope with the Killebrews and Robinsons and Yastrzemskis and Kalnes and Hortons and Northrups of the American League. The National League won in 1965, when the Dodgers beat the Twins, and in 1967, when the Cardinals beat the Red Sox. The American League won in 1966, when the Orioles beat the Dodgers in four straight games, and now in 1968. If this proves anything it would seem to be that there is no particular advantage to either style of baseball.

In the latest Series the Tigers hit eight home runs while the Cardinals hit seven. The Series, nevertheless, was not only a matter of home runs. The real turning point came on the base paths. In two instances, Lou Brock, the best base runner in the major leagues, was the victim. Brock stumbled first in the fifth inning of the fifth game. The Tigers, who were down three games to one and faced a humiliating five-game rout, were losing 3-2 after four innings. With one out in the St. Louis fifth, Brock doubled to left field. Julian Javier, the next batter, singled into left center. Willie Horton's excellent throw to the plate apparently did not impress Brock. He chose to battle it out standing up with Bill Freehan, the Detroit catcher, who outweighed him by about 30 pounds. Bad show, Freehan had the plate blocked and no amount of arguing would erase the fact that Brock should have slid. If he had, he would have scored and Detroit Manager Smith probably would have relieved Lolich. As it was, Lolich stayed in and three innings later his single started the winning rally.

All Kaline, who played marvelous ball throughout the Series, won that fifth game with a bases-loaded single. He drove in four more runs in the diverting 13 1/2 sixth game.

In the seventh game came Brock's second—and probably most costly—stumble. There still was no score when Brock started the Cardinal sixth with a single to left field. In the second game of the Series he had stolen second twice on Lolich. Now he took an enormous lead—at least 20 feet. "Before a game I always make an intention somewhere—in the dirt, in the grass—that automatically tells me how far I can lead away and

not worry about getting picked off," he had said earlier in the week. This time he exceeded his own safety limits.

"I heard Norm Cash and Dick Mofitt both yelling to me at the same time," Lolich said. "I didn't know whether they were telling me to 'step off' or 'throw over,' but I decided I'd better throw over to first." When Lolich made his move Brock halted for second base—a play he had worked successfully against Lolich in the second game. However, Cash relayed the ball to Shortstop Mickey Stanley, covering second, and Brock was out—just barely. Then, a few minutes later, Lolich picked Curt Flood off first base—and the Cardinals began to die. "I can't remember picking off two men in one game—let alone one inning," Lolich said later.

These blunders were typical of the baseball St. Louis played for most of the season. The Cards had only a 24-21 record at the end of May, but they were 22-9 in June and 24-6 in July. They established a 14½-game lead; for all purposes the season was over, and the Cardinals went to sleep. They woke up only occasionally the rest of the season.

Meanwhile, the Tigers had to play consistently good baseball all year, because the Baltimore Orioles were seldom more than six or seven games behind them

until the middle of September, when the Tigers ran off 11 straight wins to claim first place as theirs alone. So many of their games were late-inning wins that it was no surprise when they rose up to go ahead in the seventh inning of both the fifth and seventh games.

For the Tigers the season is over, and now Mayo Smith will search for a shortstop to replace Stanley, the American League's best centerfielder who became Smith's mighty experiment in the Series. Stanley, after Lolich and Kaline, was Detroit's finest hero. He will return to center field next year, and Jim Northrup, the man who hits grand-slam home runs, will move back to right field. Kaline? Never fear—he will play, but just where has not been determined. Expansion may take care of that since Detroit cannot protect everybody in trying to keep its Series winner together.

The Cardinals leave for Japan in a few days, bolstered by the recent addition of Cincinnati's Vada Pinson, who will replace retired Roger Maris in right field.

"We'll be going as the second best team in the world," Curt Flood said after the Series.

"And every time we play there," said Orlando Cepeda, "the pitcher's going to look like Mickey Lolich." **END**



Second pick-off victim of last game, sprawling Curt Flood is tagged out by Mickey Stanley.

STANDOUT STAND-IN FOR THE KING

When Johnny Unitas hurt his golden arm, it was the Baltimore Colts who winced, but backup man Earl Morrall has the team winning bigger than ever
by EDWIN SHRAKE

With 11 minutes left in the fourth quarter last Sunday afternoon, the fog had become so thick in San Francisco's Kezar Stadium that Kermit Alexander, perhaps mistaking the ball for one of the sea gulls that drifted low over the field, could not locate a Baltimore kickoff. The Colts recovered on the 49ers' 17. Leading 28-7 at the time, Baltimore Coach Don Shula decided to give his starting quarterback, Earl Morrall, a bit of rest and send in a substitute.

"We wanted to let him [the sub] have a little work so he could get some experience," Shula said after Baltimore had won its fifth straight game by beating San Francisco 42-14. "I guess that seems funny, huh? Well I guarantee that's the first time such a thing ever happened to this man."

What was funny about it was that the substitute was Johnny Unitas. After sitting out four league games with a sore elbow, all of which the Colts had won easily under Morrall, Unitas finally was allowed to throw his first pass of the year. Naturally, it went for a touchdown.

Until that moment, the Colts had been relying totally on Morrall, one of the NFL's most peripatetic players. Six weeks ago he was still with the New York Giants, but he knew better than to put away his suitcase with all the stackers on it. Having already been traded by San Francisco (where he was a No. 1 draft choice in 1956), Pittsburgh and Detroit, Morrall's sensitivity to such matters was keen enough that he could

feel the Giants were about to put him on the road, although he wasn't sure of his destination. "You get to where you can tell," he says. "I had asked Alie Sherman about it before I moved my family from Detroit to Connecticut for the season, and he had assured me he was sticking with his quarterbacks. But I played very little in the exhibition games, and the coaches didn't pay much attention to me. So I figured I was going somewhere. In fact, I'd heard the Giants had a deal all wrapped up to trade me to St. Louis in 1967. But Tom Kennedy [another New York quarterback] got hurt, I stayed with the Giants."

Morrall had given the Giants a good year in 1965, throwing 22 touchdown passes for a club that finished with a 7-7 record and a tie for second place in the old Eastern Conference. The following season he broke his right wrist and had to miss half the games. "I knew the Giants were going to trade for Fran Tarkenton in 1967," he says. "I didn't like it, but I really didn't blame them. They couldn't be certain how my wrist would heal. Then when they brought Gary Wood back from New Orleans this year, it was a tip I might be traveling again."

Several NFL clubs could have used a competent, experienced quarterback like Morrall. However, the club he may never have suspected would be interested in him was Baltimore. The Colts had gone into training camp with Unitas backed up by two youngsters, Jim Ward and Terry Southall. Unitas had a pain-



During a Baltimore practice session, Johnny

ful right elbow, but that is not an uncommon ailment among veteran quarterbacks. "We intended to give Ward most of the work in the preseason," says Shula. "Then Ward injured a knee and we had to get into the market. I remembered Morrall from the three years I spent with him at Detroit while I was an assistant coach there. I saw him have some fantastic days for the Lions. Once he beat Baltimore in the last 13 seconds. That sort of thing stays in your mind. I knew he was cool and a hard worker. We went after him."

The Colts landed Morrall by trading Butch Wilson, who had been their second-string tight end for six seasons. Morrall arrived in Baltimore one evening at twilight and was on the field that same night working with Shula. "There was so much to learn," says Morrall. "Baltimore's system is vastly more complicated than any I'd been used to."

Morrall was forced to do his classroom studies on the field. Almost as soon as he put on a Baltimore uniform, the Colts went to Dallas for their final exhibition game. Unitas was twisting his body to the left and throwing a pass to his right under a hard rush when a flash of pain ripped the sore elbow. Morrall



Unitas (left), No. 1, shares a joke with Earl Morrall, No. 2—or is it the other way around?

finished that game and all the rest until last Sunday. In that time he has thrown 12 touchdown passes, two of them against the 49ers.

"It's a myth to think this is a one-man team," says Shula. "John gives us a spark, gives us leadership, is the greatest. But people shouldn't think we can't win without him. This is a tough, solid team. We have a good defense, good receivers, good pass blocking and our running game is going well. We have balance this year. We knew Earl would need a strong running game to help him with his passing, so we've put more emphasis on it. It would be a bad rap to say John hasn't used the running game enough. I've seen games when he only threw 14 passes. But Earl has kept working at the run, and his passing is the better for it."

In workouts last week in San Francisco, the 35-year-old Unitas lobbed a few short passes during warmup drills, but he restricted himself to running plays in the dummy scrimmages. His right elbow was wrapped in a plastic bag tightly taped to hold body heat. While Morrall operated the team in practice, Unitas played an easy game of catch but did not risk his arm throwing deep

The injury is a severe case of what is ordinarily called "tennis elbow." There has been a tear in the muscles on the inside of the right elbow. The tear is healing, but the soreness remains. "Many baseball pitchers, jackhammer operators and tennis players eventually get this type of injury," says Baltimore Trainer Eddie Block. "It simply comes from overuse of the arm. Unitas throws with a whipping motion, his wrist snapping down. For years he has thrown as he was about to get hit, with his hand giving him the signal to get rid of the ball and his arm moving sharply adding to the stress. Throwing a ball is an unnatural motion. We've used cortisone, heat and everything else on his elbow. The only way to cure it entirely is for him to stop playing football."

Many quarterbacks, including Unitas, have played with the pain of a tennis elbow that has not quite become a torn muscle. Morrall has had a touch of it, himself. He throws with a motion similar to that of Unitas—the wrist rolling counterclockwise down and out so that the palm faces outward. "But my arm feels fine now," he says.

Morrall's problem has been not his

arm but his knowledge of the Baltimore offensive system. "As one example, all the teams I had played for numbered the even holes to the left and odd to the right on running plays," Morrall says. "That may not sound difficult, but it was hammered into me for years. Baltimore does it the opposite. Now and then I find myself thinking I've called a fullback sweep to the right. I turn and nobody is there. They've gone to the left." That happened on a third and one against Chicago two weeks ago, and Morrall tossed the ball to a surprised Tom Matte, who made the first down. "Matte and the others help me in the huddle if they think I've called the wrong play. I began to notice that Matte stands there in the huddle wiggling the fingers on his right hand. I thought he was trying to remind me that evens are to the right, so I used that as a memory aid. Later I discovered it was just a nervous mannerism."

Provided Unitas does come back to his former stardom—and the betting is that he will—Morrall is prepared to surrender the job despite his ranking among the league's leading passers. "I know what will happen when John gets ready," says Morrall. "He'll be back in there. He should be. My role is to do as well as I can, to do my share. This is a good team with a lot of depth, and I enjoyed being a part of it. You know, there's no certainty John's tendonitis won't recur."

"John will need to build up the strength in his arm and regain his timing," Shula says. "Whether he will start next week depends on how well he does in practice. I've told him to stop the moment his arm hurts too much."

Unitas called three passes against San Francisco. One was the six-yard touchdown to John Mackey, one was dropped, and on the third Unitas was tackled while waiting for a flanker to clear on a long pattern. He intended to see if the arm would take it. "This is like starting in the first exhibition game after being off a whole season," says Unitas. "My arm hurt, but I suppose it always will."

"It's too soon to tell what John may do," Shula says. "Meanwhile, I'm glad we have a guy like Earl Morrall." And when the Colts are far enough ahead, what a remarkable substitute is waiting for Shula to beckon—whether his name is Unitas or Morrall.

END

PRO BASKETBALL

THE CHANGING GAME

Heading into a new season, pro basketball has problems. There are too many teams, too few superstars and not enough money to go around. But there is a way out that the two leagues may one day adopt despite their natural inclination to play a pat hand

BY FRANK DEFORD

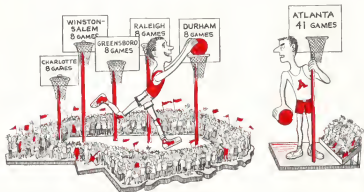
St. Louis is the 10th largest metropolitan area in the country, with a population of 2,351,000. Last spring Ben Kerner, a pro basketball owner for two decades and a pioneer in the game, sold the St. Louis Hawks to an Atlanta group and got out of the sport. There are several good reasons why the Hawks failed: a bad building, competition from other sports, a team that, however good, lacked a popular hero. But there was something subtler, as stated by Kerner himself: "I found out that even if everything worked well, I still couldn't make it."

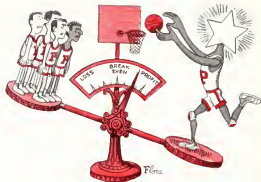
Kerner did not want to leave the game. He looked into buying the Baltimore Bullets, a team that has two vital assets: a good arena and a dazzling young ballplayer, Earl Monroe. Baltimore is the 12th-largest metropolitan area. "Let me tell you, too," Kerner says, "Baltimore was a very fair deal. The price was just right. And then I put the numbers together. Like St. Louis, there is no way You

can't make it there. You got to go where you have people to have a chance."

It is a jarring commentary on the economics of modern professional sports that the 10th and 12th most densely populated areas in the country have too few people to support a franchise. It suggests that only the giant cities—possibly only New York and Los Angeles—are sufficiently large. "You can expect that," Kerner says. "Look at the history. The game started out with the Sheboygans and the Tri-Cities. Then it moved up to the Fort Wayne and the Syracuse. They faded out and the St. Louis and the Detroit came in. Now they can't make it any longer."

Despite such supporting evidence—more than half of the National Basketball Association teams lose money and in their first year all of the American Basketball Association teams did—pro basketball continues to draw investors, because it is still considered a low-overhead, get-





rich-quick sport and one, moreover, in which one extraordinary player can make your venture profitable. Thus, while the past decade has been marked by expansion and wheeling and dealing in all pro sports, basketball has exhibited the greatest change. Baseball has grown 50%, hockey 100%, football 117%, and basketball 213%. Where there were eight teams, now there are 25—many in trouble. While predictions are hazardous, there is good reason to guess that an era of contraction is lurking like a bear market for both basketball and baseball. Leagues, before long, may be made up of teams that represent whole regions, not single metropolitan areas. There will be fewer teams, but this shrinking need not indicate a defeat for either sport. Instead, if prepared for and understood, consolidation can prove a healthy move.

But why should basketball and baseball contract while football continues to thrive in, say, Green Bay, a country town whose population of 93,900 may at first glance be mistaken for its zip code? The answer appears to be that football might best be described as an Event Sport. Each game, separated by time, is celebrated as an occasion. There are only seven home games a year, and the same spectators, having given each other \$50 season tickets for Christmas and arranged to meet each other in the same bar before every game, attend each week, pointing for the Event as much as the players. And since away games are televised, followers of a team see every game it plays and are totally involved.

The opposite of the Event Sport is what might be called a Linear Sport. It proceeds day upon day, game after game, with no time to isolate or especially celebrate games as events. What important occasions there are—a winning streak or a try for a record—can only be acknowledged near the end or after the fact, usually too late for the box office to profit.

Baseball, of course, is the ultimate in Linear Sport (though it does become an Event Sport at World Series time). Fans can become intensely involved in the game merely by watching the box scores, relating them to the past, to the whole, to infinity. Like the horoscope and stock-market listings, the statistics are always there in the paper, and even rabid partisans can follow their teams closely without ever attending a game. This is not a whole lot of help to an owner who depends mainly upon gate receipts for his revenue.

The two Linear Sports that are particularly interesting because they are successful are ice hockey and—don't snicker—the Roller Derby. Maybe it is more than coincidence that both are rough sports played on skates. Whatever, hockey succeeds while lousing up all the formulas. It is played almost entirely by foreigners, it has not proved appealing on TV and there is not enough scoring. But it thrives. Presumably, as H. Rap Brown said, "violence is as American as cherry pie."

The Roller Derby, on the other hand, offers serious lessons for all other Linear Sports. It plays almost every night for much of the year, but a home team plays at different locations within a wide home area. One city is not saturated by the action. The Derby becomes, in a sense, an Event at each different city when it plays there.

Certainly the Derby operates on a much smaller scale than do any of the more celebrated sports, but the principle of regionalism that has been successfully employed by Gerald Seltzer, Roller Derby president, is directly applicable to basketball and baseball. All Linear Sports, in fact, may soon learn that they cannot survive if they are to let themselves be bound by the ground rules for professional sports established half a century ago, when the population was centered in various downtowns, all connected by train tracks.

Basketball particularly can learn from the Roller Derby. Of all team sports it is easily the most mobile. Yet its teams continue to tie themselves to one downtown site in one city. Part of the trouble is the fan, who fervently believes in the home team. He got that way because the teams, usually in league with politicians, convinced him that a city without a team was second-class. It was his civic duty to love the Royal Sonic-jets.

"No sports team deserves support from a city any more than the corner laundry does," says Seltzer. The kicker is, of course, that teams feel no reciprocal need to support the city. The people of Phoenix will be asked to support the NBA Suns this year, the first major league team in that city. One of the owners is Bobbie Gentry, the singer, whose philosophy of ownership she recently explained to Earl Wilson, the columnist.

"I just bought a basketball team," she said. "Ed Ames, Henry Mancini, Tony Curtis, Andy Williams and me. About \$50,000 each, I think. If we don't do well in Phoenix, we can move it somewhere else."

So now fans are warned even before a franchise arrives that they had better support it or else, one team, one city, under God, bound together, inseparable. The concept of sharing a team with one or more cities is still treated as anathema. But for how long? The regional concept may soon become a necessity and before long we may find teams reeducating the public in the virtues of multiple-city support of one home club.

To understand the full potential of the regional fran-

chise, let us offer the new Atlanta Hawks as a contrast to what could be a classic regional franchise—the whole state of North Carolina. Atlanta is the 21st largest metropolitan area, with about 1,300,000 people and one suitable arena. Each NBA team has 41 home games. Aware that it probably would not draw well at all 41, the Atlanta management tried to peddle a few of its games to other South-eastern cities as other NBA teams have done before them. The Hawks had virtually no success. That sort of thing, which is more like oldtime big-city condescension than regionalism, does not go over very well with the rubes anymore. Atlanta did set up a good television network, but the games are all played in Atlanta, so the network cannot serve to entice very many distant fans to pay money and attend Hawk games.

Now assume that the Hawks had moved to North Carolina, a great basketball area of medium-size cities with good arenas. These cities—Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, High Point, Raleigh and Durham/Chapel Hill—just about total the same population as Atlanta. North Carolina might comfortably be expected to outdraw Atlanta, however, because for one thing, smaller cities have less entertainment competition, less traffic and therefore invariably draw proportionately better than larger cities. More important, each of the North Carolina cities would have about eight or 10 games apiece, more of an event schedule. Moreover, regional television would help the draw. A game in Charlotte beamed to Greensboro could be expected to encourage greater attendance the next time the club played in Greensboro.

There will be 1,003 regular-season pro games this year, far too many for the 25 city franchises or even 25 regional franchises. With so many teams there is dilution. It is not a dilution of the overall talent—few are the observers in any sport who can detect with authority a change in the level of play from year to year—but one that limits the number of appearances the few outstanding players can make in each city each year. The night the big star is not in town is the night the home team does not draw well.



As a guess, 16 is the optimum number of teams that pro basketball can be expected to support nationally in the years to come. Should the two leagues stop warring and agree to restructure along regional lines, here is a possible arrangement. Only a few of the suggested sites—notably in New England—lack adequate buildings.

EAST	ARENA LOCATIONS
NEW YORK KNICKS	New York City
NEW YORK NETS	Long Island, Northern New Jersey
NEW ENGLAND CELTICS	Boston, Providence, New Haven, Springfield
PENNSYLVANIA 76ERS	Philadelphia, Pittsburgh
CHESAPEAKE FEDERALS	Baltimore, Washington, Norfolk
CAROLINA PINES	Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Raleigh, Durham/Chapel Hill
ERIE NATIONALS	Detroit, Buffalo, Syracuse
MID-EAST PRESIDENTS	Cincinnati, Cleveland, Indianapolis, Louisville
WEST	
SOUTHERN BELLES	Atlanta, Miami, Memphis, New Orleans
MISSOURI HAWKS	St. Louis, Kansas City
NORTHERN TRAVELERS	Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis/St. Paul
TEXAS RANGERS	Houston, Dallas
LOS ANGELES LAKERS	Los Angeles (Inglewood)
SOUTHLAND SUNS	San Diego, Phoenix, Anaheim
BAY WARRIORS	San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose
NORTHWEST SONICS	Seattle, Portland, Denver

Because basketball has the sites it could well be the first sport to embrace the concept of the regional franchise. Professional sports, however, traditionally react to pressures rather than anticipate opportunities, so baseball may find itself leading the way to regionalism. The reason is simple. Baseball is running out of cities that possess adequate stadiums. When baseball decides it must consolidate, many obvious pairings may be expected. San Francisco-Oakland, Baltimore-Washington, Cincinnati-Cleveland, San Diego-Anaheim, Philadelphia-Pittsburgh, and even possibly Kansas City-St. Louis, Chicago-Milwaukee or Minneapolis-St. Paul-Milwaukee.

It is difficult to conceive that cities will continue to permit huge, luxury baseball stadiums to be built with public funds. In a time of obsessive social concern one cannot imagine San Francisco approving the suggested \$40 million downtown replacement for Candlestick Park. At the same time, indoor arenas are blossoming as never before. While stadiums rarely serve anybody but the owners and the fans of major league football and baseball, any arena is a live facility that is in use almost every day of the year, and for a wide variety of community events.

Consider Baltimore, where the city has built both a stadium and a civic center. In the fiscal year 1966-1967, 95 of 99 stadium events were athletic in nature. In the Civic Center there were 301 events and only about one-third of them were athletic. In the mid-'50s Milwaukee and Port-

land agreed to build public edifices, each costing about \$8 million. Milwaukee's was a stadium. Last year, before the White Sox started coming in for token visits, a total of 18 events (eight nonsporting) were held there. Portland built an arena. Last year 313 events of all types were held there and less than half of the total attendance of 1,565,000 viewed sports events. Milwaukee has a white elephant and dreams. Portland has a vibrant building that serves the city in many ways.

With these facts repeated in every section of the country, it is becoming as difficult to reconcile stadium construction as it is to stop voters and officials alike from pushing for new arenas. In December 1970 the Norfolk Cultural and Convention Center of Virginia is scheduled for completion. It will serve the entire lower Chesapeake, an area of nearly 1 million people. The building will have an 11,800-seat arena, a theater and a convention hall that will draw an estimated 1 million spectators to 2,000 events in its first year of operation. Only 200 of those will be athletic. And who is paying? Two-thirds of the projected \$30 million cost will come from the Federal Government, which authorized the building in, of all things, the Housing and Urban Development Act of 1965. When other Congressmen get a look at the Norfolk plan, the arena boom should be on in earnest.

The existence of these new arenas in every Middlesex, village and farm in America should be encouragement for basketball to restructure regionally. The logistics of travel in the sport have always been simple, anyway, since a traveling squad never includes more than a dozen men, and equipment means only sneakers, T-shirts and a few rolls of tape. Neither does the playing floor, compact and simple, depend upon the idiosyncrasies of nature, ground-keeper or ice machines.

The increased travel demands will work a hardship on the players, as they no doubt will immediately object. But they are already flying a lot. Rudy LaRusso, for instance, commutes 400 miles to play with the San Francisco Warriors, because he prefers living outside of Los Angeles to living in San Francisco. More to the point, the players are not going to have any choice about travel if they wish to be paid in the style to which they have become accustomed. In large part it is their demand for big salaries that is making it impossible for franchises like the Hawks to survive. Without a big-name, high-priced star among them, the Hawks still averaged almost \$28,000 apiece last year. The NBA pays its players a higher average salary than any league in any sport.

This year the pay is higher than ever, and for the main attractions—Wilt Chamberlain, Bill Russell, Jerry West, Oscar Robertson, *et al.* it is sweet almost beyond any athlete's most ambitious yearnings. This week they and the several hundred other almost equally gifted men of the NBA and ABA begin new seasons at 18 old city stands and seven new ones. Scouting reports of the players and the teams begin on the next page. Enjoy the teams while you have them by yourself, but do not count on having them always. As ex-owner Ben Kerner says, the old system does not work very well when you put the numbers together.

RICHES IN THE NBA EAST

Boston, New York and Philadelphia will battle for the title in the pro game's toughest division

Wise and noble men have come to bury the Boston Celtics for years now, only to end up in praise of them. At present it is fashionable to assume that they will be replaced by the latest pretender—the

ing two important defensive operatives, Dick Van Arsdale and Emmette Bryant, to Phoenix. The loss was then compounded when the Suns sent Bryant to Boston. Nevertheless, New York enters

except that the same reasons, more or less, have been offered for years now to prove that Boston was through. At last glance, though, the Celtics were still listed as World Champions, Russell was still in the middle and John Havlicek was giving every indication of going another year without breaking a sweat. And what is old? asks General Manager Red Auerbach, who himself is now called venerable by none other than TV Announcer Tommy Henrich, who retired something like 54 titles ago. Auerbach may be beginning to push into Connie Mack or Amos Alonzo Stagg country, but it would be hard to prove that by the Bryant deal, which was very much in the tradition of this canny champion trader. Though no shooter, Bryant is an excellent defensive player and a dished scuffler. He fits so neatly into the Celtic lineup that it seems he has always been there, providing balance to the special skills of the regular holdover backcourt men, Havlicek, Sam Jones and Larry Siegfried—all shooters—and permitting Havlicek to move into the forecourt more often. The combined ages of the starting front line of Russell, Bailey Howell and Satch Sanders add up almost to equal, well, Sam Jones's age.

This is to be Jones's last dance. It should be a good one, because he and all the old men (except the one the player-coach calls "my fat center") came into camp in top shape. A rejuvenated Sanders not only appears to be whole again after two lugubrious and injury-filled seasons, but he seems at last to understand Coach Russell. "I think he finally adjusted to my coaching," Russell says. "Every coach has his weaknesses, and one of mine is that I can't yell at my guys like Red used to do. But I think Satch now knows what I expect of him—to participate actively on offense as well as defense."

With Sanders hurt and ineffective much of last year, Don Nelson came into prominence and for much of the exhibition season was even being asked



New York Knickerbockers, a young team with quickness and thw. Philadelphia, though cast in a whole new post-Chamberlain image, also cannot be dismissed. The three teams, in fact, appear sufficiently close in ability to suggest that there will be another imperfect finish, where one team wins the regular season and another the divisional playoffs. This will continue to happen as long as the NBA persists in its illogical and discriminatory playoff policy, one that penalizes the season champion by making it play the third-place team in the first round, while the runner-up gets in easier against the fourth-place finisher.

Expansion has not been equitable either, and some of the best of the established teams have given up the least talent to the new clubs. The Knicks, for instance, had only the sixth-best record last year, but they suffered the most, los-

ing the season facing fewer problems in this year of transition than do either Philadelphia, going from its walk-it-up, set-it-up style of the Wilt Chamberlain years to a running, pressing game, or Boston, where the troubles are more subtle, but real nonetheless.

Couch and perennial Boston star Bill Russell reported to camp 15 pounds overweight after spending virtually the whole summer in Hollywood. He had never before come in more than five pounds heavy. But he was light in one respect, not that he cared to lose the weight: his valuable backup man, Wayne Embry, was lost in the expansion. Finally, because it appears that for the sixth straight year the Celtics will receive only minimal help from their college draft, Coach Russell will start four men who are 30 or over.

This would all sound like a death knell,

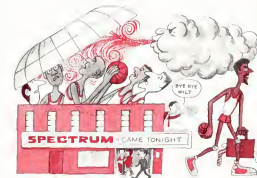
at only 6'6"—to succeed Embry as the pivot reserve. Auerbach tried desperately to get another big man and finally picked up Bud Olsen from Milwaukee to back up Russell.

Three years of major expansion have greatly unbalanced team rosters, which are often loaded at one position and thin at another. Because teams have been less reluctant to protect backcourt men, the expansion clubs particularly have ended up with great depth in guards. It is likely that once the season starts and the disparate parts start costing games, the trading logjam will break and Auerbach will come up with another veteran reserve or two.

Provisionally (and traditionally, too), Boston's early schedule is a lollipop. The Celtics play half of their first month's 14 games against expansion teams, while New York and Philadelphia will be facing a richer menu made up more of the better of the Western teams. If Boston is not in front after a month of play, it is a good indication that the jig finally is up.

New York, the people's choice at last, is surviving its serious losses in the expansion draft because it was so deep in talent to begin with. Everybody, in fact, wants to trade with the Knicks, but New York will not deal unless it gets an edge in the bargain. The Knicks have, for instance, a tremendously versatile and exciting backcourt that stars Dick Barnett, and second-year men Walt Frazier and Bill Bradley, whose potentials are vast. The fourth guard is Howie Komives. He would start on many teams, and should be traded, if for no other reason than to save him from the vicious booing, coarse and pitiless, that is rained down on him when he stands up to come into a game in New York. It is not pretty what these fans—or so these social criminals generously describe themselves—do every night to him. But it is a time of public hate, open and undisguised, and sport appears to need its targets too.

Coach Red Holzman took over in the middle of last season. He somehow made a plus of the team's weakness—defense—by introducing a full-court zone press that picked up the team tempo and gave him the excuse to use more players. Holzman, who had been the team scout, start-



ed giving his own draft picks a chance to show why he wanted them. Frazier and Phil (Head-and-Shoulders) Jackson began to come into their own, Jackson playing windmill on the point of the press. The Knicks really are not a fast team—despite their quickness—and the press can be embarrassed by speedy guards. But it was so effective that this year almost every team will try it. For the Knicks, what is most important about the press is that it got the team interested in defense for the first time.

Jackson is the bench forward, with Cazzie Russell and Willis Reed scheduled to start up front, flanking Center Walter Bellamy. The big center receives opprobrium less only than Komives, and his work is uneven, but it is also true that his most recent performance, in the playoffs, was positively gallant. Reed and Russell are both players of heart and spirit, ragged only, perhaps, by their feelings that they are out of position. Russell began as a guard, Reed as a center. Bradley, greatly improved after a tough summer of playground ball, will also shift up front some of the time. The Knicks are so deep Holzman has to be accommodating in order to find playing time for all.

The team is also young. Only Barnett and Bellamy have been in the league for more than four years. At some point the Knicks' cueve of advancement, which has been established under Holzman, will

bisect the Celtics' downward graph. The only real question is when, specifically, this year or next?

If the Boston-New York equation is to be upset, Philadelphia is the most likely team to do it. Jack Ramsay, the general manager, will coach the 76ers this year. He had to leave college coaching because he was so intense that the emotional strain was producing a threat to his eyesight. He has reportedly recovered, but it took only one close exhibition loss to deprive him of a good sleep. Ramsay is a well-loved man, and some of his friends are privately distressed that he is coaching again. Hopefully, their concern is only an affectionate overreaction.

Ramsay is asking a great deal of his ehandlers, who will again play their home games at the Spectrum if the roof doesn't blow off a third time. He will go to the fast break, to a half-court press from a man-to-man defense and a full-court press off a 3-1-1 zone—a gambling, scrambling defense that requires a collegiate dedication. The team has responded to such typically Ramsay exhortations. "I want you to be the best physically conditioned team in the league. When you're playing four nights in a row in four cities that may span the country you have to learn to play with fatigue and still play well."

The 76ers' backcourt—Hal Greer, Archie Clark, Wally Jones and Swingman

continued

Matt Guokas—is among the very best offensively and will have to scratch for steals, too, because the 76ers will no longer always get the ball off the boards. The forwards lack muscle. Luke Jackson has returned to center in place of Chamberlain, and none of the other cornermen—Chet Walker, Billy Cunningham, Guokas or Johnny Green—has the strength to handle the big forwards.

Darrall Imhoff came from Los Angeles in the Chamberlain deal, and he will not only spell Jackson in the pivot, but will probably start there against some teams so that Jackson can be freed to muscle somebody else in the corner. Another center, rookie Craig Raymond, does not figure to see much action, neither, for now, does Shaler Halmon, the potentially outstanding swingman from Utah State.

Jackson tends to put on weight. He came in at 272 when Ramsay had been hoping for 240, but the extra pounds may serve big Luke well in the middle. He is no novice there, anyway. In pre-Chamberlain days the 76ers twice beat the Celtics, with Jackson battling Russell underneath. He has a good outside shot, too, and both he and Imhoff can

play the high post. Shooters like Greer and Walker know how to use a good postman, having worked with the best, Johnny Kerr, when they were at Syracuse. Greer prefers to go off a pick anyway, and this should be his greatest scoring year. It is rebounding, though, that will probably keep the 76ers from matching Boston or New York.

Behind the big three comes a second-echelon trio of Baltimore, Detroit and Cincinnati. Detroit won the spare play-off berth last year and is a coming team. It was not hurt by expansion and will play more games than ever before at home in Cobo Arena—and with real people there to root the team on. The Pistons set attendance records last year as Dennis Butcher gave the team its best coaching in years.

Immediate improvement is not assured, however, because Forward Dave DeBussehere suffered a seriously twisted ankle that has been slow to heal and because, as ever, the team is weak in the middle. Joe Strawder's career may have been ended by a back injury. Never happy at Detroit, he was traded to Phoenix and then returned by the Suns after a physical examination. Rookie Otto

Moore and Jim Fox now fall heir to the pivot spot. While both are hard-working young men, neither is quite up to the task yet, and Moore, possessor of a much better heart than pair of hands, needs to put on weight more than any other player in the league.

Though Butcher has helped the Pistons reduce their stress on outside shooting, the lack of a good offensive big man to go to the inside will continue to force too much play on the backcourt. Considering that the backcourt includes Eddie Miles, Jimmy Walker and Dave Bing, the brilliant scoring champion, this is certainly not a disturbing alternative, but the greater dependence on outside shooting might cost the Pistons a few extra wins when they come up cold against expansion clubs they should beat. Since strength is more of a constant than marksmanship, it is the muscle teams that can be expected to be most consistent against expansion clubs.

Detroit's cornermen are valued more for their agility than their size, and if DeBussehere is really late in returning to form, it is his rebounding that will be most missed. Without him, Happy Hairston and Terry Dischinger will start. Last year's rookie bust, Sonny Dove, has matured and will play regularly this year. If Moore develops, the Pistons will become more serious contenders, but they are probably a year or so away. Six of the nine principals were not there two years ago, and everybody is still learning to get along together.

Baltimore has all but bottled and sold front-office disorder since the franchise came to town. The latest owner is Abe Pollin, who bought out his partners and fired his general manager, the popular Buddy Jeannette. At least the coach, Gene Shue, is returning, which is a novel concept for the Bulls. Shue desperately needs experienced guards, particularly someone who can bring the ball up and can play defense. If he does not get them, his fatigued backcourt is going to wonder if the games will ever end. Baltimore thought it could get Keith Erickson from Chicago, but a deal fell through when the Bulls preferred Los Angeles' dollar diplomacy. Only Earl Monroe and Kevin Loughery remain in the backcourt, while up front there are eight assorted forwards, centers, center forwards and center assistant coaches. This team may be the first team in the league forced into a trade.



The surprisingly fine, mature play of rookie Westley Unseld has only served to complicate the crowded forecourt picture more. Unseld whipped Otto Moore for nine straight baskets in one exhibition. He is strong, and Shue also thinks he is quick enough to play middleman

and try to work the ball inside on offense. If Unseld maintains his exhibition promise and the Bullets make an even-up trade for a guard, Monroe could bring them ahead of Detroit.

Like Baltimore, Cincinnati just missed the playoffs last year. The team rang up

last year in his rookie season with the pros. He was surprised that the players were not as mature or as self-disciplined as he had anticipated, and the lack of dedication on the part of some simply astounded him. The players liked Jucker, laughing at his absentmindedness, and they respected his knowledge and dedication. The year's experience will make him more astute this season, but in the end the Royals will go only so far as Robertson and Lucas can take them.

Milwaukee, the only expansion team in the East, is a cinch for the cellar. This prospect does have its compensation, namely that the Bucks stand only a coin flip away from the draft rights to Lew Alcindor. If the Western Division's last-place team wins the flip and takes Alcindor, the second likely draft choice is Neal Walk of Florida, another outstanding pivot prospect. If not quite this year, major league sports should at least return to Milwaukee next year.

Larry Costello, the last of the set shooters, is the coach, just one more in the long line of coaches who prepped with the old Syracuse Nationals. Costello does have enough depth to press and fast break—and to trade for the future. He sent Guard Johnny Egan to Los Angeles and Forward Dave Gambee is the kind of dependable reserve contenders might also trade a high draft choice for. With Alcindor or Walk the incumbent center the Bucks could be tempted to unload Wayne Embry late in the season if it is a sellers' market then. Embry might even end up replacing Embury at Boston.

For now, the presence of the rugged center in the middle makes Milwaukee a physical threat against anyone. Len Chappell and rookie Dick Cunningham will spell Embury, who is 31. Fred Hetzel, who had a 19.0 average with San Francisco but was put on the draft list because he was not on the boards enough, will be in one corner. Bobby Love will start in the other ahead of Gambee, Jay Miller and Charlie Paulk, the rookie from Northeastern State, Oklahoma who is rated in some quarters as a possible Rookie of the Year.

Guy Rodgers and Bob Warlick are the backcourt starters, with Jon McGlocklin, Bob Weiss and rookie Sam Williams of Iowa in reserve. Coach Costello says he is definitely retired as a player, thereby carrying the set shot to its reward. R.I.P.



in the press. His apparent contribution might even make it more likely that the Bullets would give up lively Gus Johnson in a deal. Jack Mann—who is playing out his option—would be another trade candidate, except that he is being converted into a guard to 6' 7" guard and must be kept for now to back up Monroe and Loughery.

Earl the Pearl is the best bet to succeed Bing as scoring champion. He probably is the most exciting player to come into the league in almost a decade, a genuine drawing card. He is also aware that many other guards, who are neither as good nor as marketable as he is, are making much more money. Unless Baltimore begins to realize his value and pays him accordingly, the team may lose him. Monroe is quite aware that there is another league. The Bullets were 21-21 in their stretch run last year after The Pearl got settled in his new surroundings and almost doubled his average. The team is now more disposed to play defense,

a dismal 5-20 record in the games that Oscar Robertson either missed or played in at less-than-full strength. It was 34-23 with Robertson, and he is healthy going into this season. The Royals are a year older, though, and shallower than ever after Robertson and Jerry Lucas take these positions.

Adrian Smith, 32, teams with Robertson at guard. Center Connie Dierking, also 32, suddenly came up with confidence and a fine scoring season last year and Tom Van Arsdale, a swingman, adds defense and scrap. The rest are journeymen, though four rookies may catch on with the club. The best, Don Smith of Iowa State, is an outstanding corner prospect, but he is unpolished and needs time. In recent years the Royals' record for drafting players who stuck has been the league's best. Sadly, though, their choices usually have turned out to be merely tenacious fringe players.

Coach Ed Jucker learned a great deal

CONTINUED

A ROMP IN THE NBA WEST

With Wilt Chamberlain and some new backcourt men, Los Angeles should win every game

After years of trying to develop a title in Los Angeles, Lakers Owner Jack Kent Cooke went out and bought one. His deal with Wilt Chamberlain was in seven figures. His deals for guards—Chicago sent him Keith Erickson, a big scrambler, and Milwaukee chipped in with Johnny Egan, a delft little playmaker—cost him, too. Competitively, Cooke's buying habits have produced a most unhealthy situation in the NBA. Financially, just to pay the bills he will have to draw about 12,000 customers a night. But he will have his championship.

The Lakers won 30 of their last 38 games last year and really had no business losing to Boston in the finals. This fall Elgin Baylor came in 15 pounds overweight and Jerry West is always on the brink of injury—he is doing exercises before every game now, a sort of pro-

ventive maintenance—but never mind. With Chamberlain joining them nothing short of a holocaust can keep the Lakers from winning in the weaker Western Division.

Lakerologists, like students of the Kremlin, will be straining to make significance out of whatever difficulties arise between Chamberlain and the other two superstars and Coach Butch van Breda Kolff. The benefits the towering center brings to the court, though, should far outweigh any personality scratches. Chamberlain should not offer any internal threat to the scoring prowess of Baylor and West. Furthermore, his rebounding will spare Baylor from having to work the boards so much, and his presence underneath will permit West to exercise his great defensive talents with more confidence.

Accommodations, however, must be made if the team is to reach its full potential. With Chamberlain under the basket West and Baylor cannot drive or free-lance as much as they have. In turn, Chamberlain must not remain so reluctant to practice the techniques of the high post—a style Baylor and West are used to.

Opponents may try to upset the Lakers with a full-court press, but with the new Es aiding West and Fred Crawford in the backcourt the Lakers would appear to have the depth to handle even that ploy. Erwin Mueller was sent back to Chicago in the Erickson deal, but dependable Tom Hawkins, rookie Bill Hewitt and Mel Counts—who seems to have grown into his seven feet—offer sufficient skills to fill out the rest of the Chamberlain-Baylor front line.

The Laker juggernaut can be stopped only if Nate Thurmond of San Francisco has an extraordinary playoff. While courthouse fans were speaking solely of Rick Barry, Thurmond quietly was becoming the best center and the most valuable player in the league before he suffered his annual injury in January. The whole Warrior team might be more suitably dressed in uniforms that said THE INFIRMARY on them instead of the CITY. Jimmy King, a marvelous little guard, is out, at least until December, with a vexing muscle inflammation that appears to defy healing. His loss leaves Jeff Mullins as the lone experienced backcourt shooting threat. Al Attles, more celebrated on defense, should be appreciated at least as much as the team's offensive catalyst Sophomore Bob Lewis and rookie Ron Williams will vie for playing time behind bench Guard Joe Ellis.

Rudy LaRusso, the complete cornerman, Bill Turner and Clyde Lee all help Thurmond on the boards. Lee, Thurmond's pivot substitute, is 20 pounds heavier from honeymoon home-cooking, but he appears no slower for the weight. Ellis will also move up front against speedier forwards. Perhaps more than





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any other Warrior, he has had his confidence bolstered by new Coach George Lee, whose predecessor, Bill Sharman, had a quick hook for reserves. Lee, and his assistant Atiles, will return more to the ways of Alex Hannum, who preceded Sharman but who is now featured at the other wheel in Oakland.

No coach is faced with a greater challenge than Richie Guerin, whose St. Louis team has moved to Atlanta. This in itself was upsetting, since the coach and many of his players were comfortably settled in Missouri, but the greater issue involved the Hawk who would not budge—Lenny Wilkens. His protracted holdout—which finally was ended with his trade to Seattle for Walt Hazzard last Saturday—managed to bare deep team sensitivities. Bill Bridges, the articulate cornerman, said publicly that Wilkens was the type “who thinks he has to have everything.” Ben Kerner, the team’s former owner, chimed in with the news that Guerin and Wilkens had long felt “jealousy” for one another.

After such statements it was obvious that Wilkens no longer could serve effectively on the Hawks even if simple money matters could be settled. In Hazzard, Atlanta picks up an aggressive and personable young leader who will certainly inject life into one of the more businesslike clubs. He is not up to Wilkens’ level as a playmaker, but no one else is either, and the Hawks desperately needed someone of his stripe because their other guards—Don Ohl, George Lehmann and Lou Hudson, when he swings to the backcourt—are, first of all, shooters. With Hudson it may not even be a question of whether he plays guard or forward. In two weeks a Greensboro, N.C. court will decide whether his signed contract with Miami of the ABA or his signed Atlanta NBA contract is valid.

The roughneck frontcourt returns basically intact, with Bridges, Zelmo Beaty, Paul Silas and the improved Jim Davis setting for the speed of Joe Caldwell and Hudson. With the forecourt’s sturdy performance and Guerin’s excellent coaching to rely on, the Hawks can threaten San Francisco despite the problems of adjustment. Besides, the rest of the division is just an embarrassment of expansionists, and even the addition of Wilkens cannot strengthen Seattle sufficiently to contend with Atlanta.

A model expansion organization, Seattle was the best of the new teams even

before the trade. The Sonics are so close-knit that virtually everyone on the payroll (including Hazzard) gave up cigarettes at once. Wilkens’ toughest job will be to make himself dominant on the court but only a comfortable member of the group off it. The Sonics have already shown court poise, a rare expansion quality; Wilkens brings more.

In the backcourt Wilkens rejoins two of his old Hawk mates, Ron Thorn and Tommy Kron. Just as they did last year the Sonics again drafted two players who can step right in as regulars—Art Harris, a fourth guard from Stanford who reminds one of the young Sam Jones, and the burly forward, Bob Kauffman, from little Guilford College, who teams on the front line with Tom Meschery, Bob Rule, Al Tucker and Dore Murray. They all work at defense and getting the ball out for the fast break. Rule may miss Hazzard the most. By prodding Rule, Hazzard seemed to inspire the young center to his best performances against bigger centers.

Like Seattle, Chicago has been whipped into excellent shape by the new coach, Dick Motta, who was plucked out of Weber State in Utah. His pro experience? He has seen one NBA game. If the front office, which drove Johnny Kerr to Phoenix, lets Motta run things his way the Bulls could get back on the right track. “After last season this club was way down,” says Guard Jerry Sloan, “but the whole team believes that little man is going to make us better.”

Motta found the No. 1 draft choice, 7’ Tom Boerwinkle of Tennessee, at 300 pounds and out of breath. A nine-week conditioning program brought Boerwinkle into the exhibition opener sleek enough to play 36 minutes and score 21 points. Dave Newmark skipped his senior year at Columbia to back up Boerwinkle, and if Motta can get one good game in the middle out of his two rookies the Bulls will contend with Seattle. Forwards Bob Boozer and Jim Washington then could concentrate more on shooting, and former Bull Center Erwin Mueller could stay in the corner, where he may be the best passer in anybody’s frontcourt. Sloan, who played in pain for much of last season, can make the team go if he regains his form of two years ago. Flynn Robinson and Clem Haskins can shoot.

San Diego does not even have the hopes for a reconditioned playmaker,

which is a special irony since Coach Jack McMahon was just the sort of player his team needs. The backcourt starters, Jim Barnett and Pat Riley, are both strictly “second” (shooting) guards.

The front line, though, is top drawer, with John Block, Don Kojis, Henry Finkel, Toby Kimball and the rookie who doesn’t wear his name on his uniform—just E. Elvin Hayes has already declared himself the fourth-best center in the league, and if he has not hidden his light under a bushel, neither has he failed to shine. His offense comes as no surprise, nor does his spectacular shot blocking, but he has also shown an understanding of the good pro defensive tactic of sagging and helping out on the shooter. Despite Hayes’ unflinching confidence, there are nuances of the game at both ends that still elude him, and his apprenticeship and that of the whole team is slowed for lack of a backcourt leader. If some of Wilkens’ or Hazzard’s ability could somehow be obtained for Kimball, the Rockets would move ahead of Seattle and Chicago.

Phoenix, the newest outpost in big-league sport, is headed by Kerr and Jerry Colangelo, 28, the young general manager, who also left Chicago. The only person with more experience in expansion ventures is George Wilson, the center, who holds the record. He has moved with every expansion three years in a row: from Cincinnati to Chicago to Seattle to the Valley of the Sun. At 6’ 8” Wilson will be hard put keeping up with the league’s giants in the pivot. Outsized, he will have to scramble—and scrambling he must foul. When he goes, the replacement is Davidson rookie Rodney Knowles. McCoy McLemore, a 6’ 7” starting forward, will be moving into the pivot regularly.

Kerr’s Suns will have to scratch and scuffle and make up for their lack of size with youth and aggression. McLemore, Dick Van Arsdale and No. 1 choice Gary Gregor of South Carolina give Phoenix strength in the corners. Dave Laiten broke a hand fighting with Kauffman of Seattle, but he is 20 pounds lighter and is better for it. Dick Snyder and Gail Goodrich are a pair of starting guards, but there is not much on the bench to support them. While the Suns are not as deep as their Milwaukee conferees, like them they will trade for future choices and while away the long desert winter practicing coin flips.

THE ABA IS CATCHING UP

After its first year's struggles the league has moved to firmer and maybe even profitable ground



Going into its second year the ABA has dramatically improved its chances for survival. Curiously, it has done this without succeeding in the one area that was considered vital to its progress—the signing of big-name college players. In two years the ABA has been able to attract only one NBA first-round choice, and the failure to land Elvin Hayes and Westley Unseld, both of whom played college ball in ABA cities, really stung. The new league cannot begin to approach the NBA in caliber of play or—perhaps more important—in public acceptance until it gets the big new names.

In almost every other respect, though encouragement can be found. Season-ticket sales are up significantly in most cities. Seven of the 11 teams have TV contracts of some sort, and Commissioner George Mikan has stopped reassuring everyone that a network contract was in the offing. The credibility gap has been reduced, so one can accept the league's estimate that it will draw two million paid this season as against 1,330,000 announced last year.

Rick Barry, the one big name the ABA did acquire, will at last play for Oakland, and his presence alone will stimulate a large attendance increase. He and Coach Alex Hannum begin their tour about the league this week with pos-

sible sellout stops in Indianapolis and 18,000-seat Freedom Hall in Louisville.

The franchises that drew best last year were Indiana and Denver—both over 4,000 per home game—followed by Dallas and Kentucky, the team that lost the least money, about \$100,000. New Orleans packed them in for the playoffs, and attendance generally picked up throughout the league the latter part of the season. Some evidence must soon be produced, however, that the game is interesting the big cities as well as the small ones. Fortunately, Oakland, ignored from without and disorganized within last year, is completely restyled under Hannum. With Hannum, Barry and the best club in the league it has a fighting chance.

Both Los Angeles and New York have shifted to more salubrious locations. The Stars have left Anaheim—where they were the Amigos—for the downtown L. A. Sports Arena, where the name soon may stand for something more than Hollywood. The Stars have signed an impressive number of rookies. The New York Nets have moved to Long Island, with its "suburban" population of more than four million. They will play in a refurbished, if small, 6,500-seat arena in Commack, but the big move will come in another couple of years when they

transfer to Hempstead and a magnificent new 15,000-seat arena that Nassau County is constructing.

One great advantage the ABA has over the NBA is its competitiveness. Oakland, with the worst record last year, should zip to the front this season, having acquired, besides Barry, two ABA All-Stars, Doug Moe and Larry Brown, from New Orleans. Indiana got Mel Daniels from Miami (late of Minnesota). He is the league's best center, and he could improve the Pacers enough for them to edge out the defending champion Pittsburgh Pipers, who are now—hold your hats—Minnesota. This team has MVP Connie Hawkins, a holdout; the league's best guard, Charlie Williams; and Frank Card, a 6' 7" Army veteran who could be the sleeper Rookie of the Year. None of the other three Eastern teams appears to be a threat, though Miami must be reassessed if a North Carolina judge awards Lou Hudson of the NBA to the Floridians in a contract dispute.

Los Angeles has the youth in the West, and since Coach Bill Sharman's disciplined ways work best with rookies he may have the Stars in contention in what is now the tougher division. Larry Miller (North Carolina), Ed Johnson (Tennessee A&I), Merv Jackson (Utah) and Edgar Lacy (UCLA) are just a few of the new faces, but holdover Warren Davis probably is the team's best player.

Denver has picked up Billy (The Hall) McGill and will have Lonnie Wright full time, since he gave up football. The team leader and star remains Guard Larry Jones, who could spirit the Rockets into competition with Oakland.

Dallas will need a top rookie season from 7' John Smith to win the last playoff spot from youthful New Orleans and Houston. The Mavericks are brawny underneath, but there is not enough scoring to go with little Willie Somerset. Despite the party line, even the best ABA teams are still a far out below the worst in the NBA, but the new league has certainly denied its elders' aploah. **AND**

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NUTS ABOUT THE GAME

BY GEORGE PLIMPTON

Professional golf has had its celebrated characters—the Bolts, the Demarets, the Sneeds, the Hagens—but any excesses of behavior they ever displayed are magnified in the long-suffering amateur. Here are two portraits of the amateur golfer, views from opposite ends of the spectrum. One illuminates the frustrating world of the big-time pro-am tournament, the other the no less demanding life of the driving range devotee. . .

The golfer came up, a drink in his hand, and stared at the scoreboard uneasily. I asked him how he had played, and he said, "All right. Oh, all right, I guess, for an amateur." But then he hesitated and admitted to a spectacular embarrassment which he had suffered that morning. He had stepped up to the ball washer just off a tee on the second nine, the type, as he described it, "like a butter churn with a handle that pumps up and down and the ball is soaped and scrubbed against stiff brushes in the container underneath. There's a towel hanging off the bottom of the container and you mop your ball with it."

"Yes, I know," I said.

He went on to say that every particular of this ball-washing apparatus was very vivid in his mind, and would remain so, he reckoned, for some time, because that morning he had lost his ball in the bottom of the machine.

"Well, that can't be easy to do," I said.

"I've never heard of such a thing," he said, shaking the ice in the bottom of his glass. "But it happened. As I was pumping away, the ball slipped from its holder and somehow got down into the bottom of the container. Lost ball. Well, it wouldn't have been worth worrying about if there'd been another ball available on the tee. I mean, I could have called to my caddie and asked him to fish out a fresh Titleist from the bag

But he was down the fairway with my bag and with the other caddies, over the brow of a hill to spot our drives when we popped them out there.

"And what made it bad, a really serious problem for my addled brain as I stood there looking at the ball washer, was that the foursome I was playing in hadn't exactly been the chummiest of groups. It just wasn't the bunch of guys you could turn around to and say, 'Hey, guys, guess what? I've lost my ball in the ball washer.'"

"What was wrong with them?" I asked. "Had your golf been that bad?"

"It wasn't the golf," he said. "Somehow we didn't hit it off from the beginning—right there, meeting for the first time on the 1st tee. Not one of us knew any of the others when we met, you know, just shaking hands and saying hello and going off as a foursome. Perhaps it was the pro's fault. He didn't help. He avoided us. If he had anything to say he said it to his caddie. He was a gloomy cuss, a Mister Melancholy, and he looked whipped, like maybe he hadn't made the cut in 10 straight tournaments. Boy, did he keep to himself." My friend shook his head thinking about it.

"What about the other two?" I asked.

"Well, one of them was a candy manufacturer. I found that out about him. Hell, I asked him—politely, on the 1st fairway, as we were setting off after our drives—you know, what he did for a liv-

ing, and he said, just snarling it out like he wanted me to make something of it, 'I make candy.' He was a very thin man, with this thin mustache, like a pencil line, and we swerved away from each other, heading for our shoes, and that was about the extent of it—I mean, I don't think we spoke again. Do you want to hear something else about him?" he asked me.

I wanted him to get back to the ball in the bottom of the ball washer, but he had settled on a framework for his story, and he was going to stick to it.

"Certainly," I said.

"Well, he had the most exaggerated swing I've ever seen. He'd set there over the ball, swaying, and then he'd start his driver back—an outsized driver, it seemed to me, too long for him—and he was so thin that the club seemed to control him, y'see, so that once he got the club head moving back and around he had his troubles keeping himself from winding up on his backswing like a pretzel. Well, he'd get the club head stopped, just before it pulled him off balance, way behind his neck, and then he'd get it moving forward again, his face straining with this great determination, his eyes popping like a guy throwing a hammer, and the odd thing was that it took so much strength to control the great sweep of this swing that there wasn't hardly any muscle left at all when he got everything around to hit the ball. I

continued

mean, there'd be this terrific effort and then this little click, and he'd get the ball out there regular about one seven five. Period. But what a swing! Same with every club except the putter. No wonder our pro kept looking off in the distance."

"Now what about the other fellow?" I asked.

"Well, the other fellow was a good golfer, damn good golfer. Big man, and one of those cheery people, Mister Hearty, great big 'Hello, hello' on the 1st tee, the grand handshake and the steady sincere look in the eye. But if you don't hit it off with him right away, come right back at him with that great frankness—if you don't say something to him like, 'Hey, weren't we in the 5th Marine Division together?'—you begin to lose him, and finally you can tell the idea has crept over him that you are snubbing him, that you think you're superior in some way. He'd like you to call him 'old buddy'—something cozy and crummy like that. Well, I couldn't think of anything to say right off, just stared at him, and this quick moment went and then the suspicion began to hit him, and by that time it was too late. Hell, I didn't mind the guy." He shook his glass loudly.

"No," I said. "He sounds O.K. to me."

"We just didn't hit it off right there at the beginning."

"Perfectly understandable."

"So this guy went off and communed with his caddy. Called him by his first name, 'John.' He'd make a great shot and then he'd say that it was duck-soup easy 'cause John, his old buddy, showed him the shot. 'John, old buddy, you're a great son of a gun,' he'd say, and he'd amble over with this big grin and he'd give the caddy a big friendly punch that rattled all the clubs in the bag. He did that quite a lot. He was a damn good golfer."

"What about the ball in the washer?" I asked.

He wasn't ready yet, his eyes had a reflective cast. He leaned slightly forward and delivered himself of the following observations:

"Y'know I've played in a lot of pro-ams. I got them in the blood. I can't turn the invitations down. In San Francisco. The Crosby. The Hope. The Las Vegas tournament. The Thunderbird. The Do-

ral. I go to 'em all. And yet, I'll tell you something. I don't like them. Pro-ams are the *lowliest* places—I mean, unless you're a gregarious sort and you don't care what sort of hours or company you keep. To begin with, you take a 3,000-mile plane ride across the country to get to the tournament—all that money for your ticket and the overweight for your golf bag, and then you've got to rent a car once you get there, and the accommodations are overpriced, and you've got the entry fee to pay and the caddies . . . Naturally all of it would be worthwhile if you played good golf on a good course with interesting people. Well, there's the hang-up. Your golf is off. The golf course looks deflated. Your pro doesn't turn out to be Nicklaus or anyone else, or even anyone you've ever heard of. He can't play house. His name is Pep Irving and he came in 33rd in the Cajun Classic that year they had the bad tornadoes, and he's the pro at the Canoe Lodge Country Club on the Montana-Canadian border.

"And who are your partners? They're those guys you never liked at school and they've turned up on the course 20 years older and twice as objectionable. Sometimes one of them is a celebrity. In some of the well-known pro-ams—y'know, like the Crosby—they try to spread celebrities through the field, but if you've got one in your foursome, who is he? Well, you're not sure. He looks vaguely familiar, Mister Nice Face, and so you ask one of the caddies and he's not sure either. He's the nice-pay brother, he thinks, of the fat kid in that big-family TV western—the one that gets in trouble? Oh, yes, you say vaguely. He doesn't look quite so nice that you'd like to ask him who he is. Sensitive sort. So you don't. If the celebrity's a come, he's one of those neurotic ones who needs big crowds to warm him up. He doesn't make any effort, y'know? Mister No Effort—just a sour bunny out there on the course with a tight little poky constricted golf swing and he mumbles a lot, working up a routine that you got to reckon is composed solely of sharp answers to hecklers."

"You've had terrible luck," I said.

"Never fails," he said, "And the hours," he went on. "The sort of foursome I play in gets sent off in the morning during the false dawn—the first or second foursome out, with just enough

light to tell you're not teeing up the ball on the toe of your golf shoe. Everybody's in a rotten mood, and, if you count the caddies, there are eight hangovers in the crowd, and they're all bad ones. So for the first five or six holes you just hear people *bawking* in the darkness. The 'Dew Sweepers.' Or if you don't go out early, you go out late—the 'Litter Brigade.' Your professional is named Pogo something, a Chinese kid, and you're with two amateurs who've had five cocktails apiece for lunch—to 'quiet their nerves'—and it turns out these guys can't hit the ball out of their own shadows. You play along through the debris that's been left by the afternoon crowd—huge newspapers picking up and sailing around, old picnics, clusters of beer cans—and every green's got a ring of programs and Dixie cups and tubes of suntan oil. You got to admit it," he said suddenly.

"Admit?" I said vaguely.

"You got to admit that playing rounds with guys like that, you can't say, 'Hey, guys, I just lost my ball in the ball washer.'" He rattled the ice cubes in his glass.

I said, "Oh, yes," startled by the abruptness of his return full circle to the ball-washer incident.

"We were all so formal and withdrawn from each other."

"Yes, well what did you do?" I asked.

"The ball was in there, and I didn't have another one—the caddies being down the fairway and all—so I decided the only thing I could do was to rip the ball washer apart. So I got up close to the thing, my back to the others, y'see, to shield them from what I was going to do. They were all standing on the tee waiting for the O.K. from the caddies to drive over that blind hill. I could feel them watching. I got that plunger and, with a good grip on it, I gave a terrific upjerk on it to see if I could pull it right out of the container. I'm a big guy, as you can see, and I used to play varsity ball at Maryland. Man, did I put my back into it—a little knee bend and then up. Nothing the first time. Just a big *clunk* sound. So I tried again, man, like pulling a damn oak out of the ground—Mister Mighty Effort!—and there was this great *clunk* sound and the top came off the container and the water went up in a geyser. Boy!" he exclaimed, remembering it.

"Well, I looked down into the container and between those brushes was my ball, sure enough, and I reached in and removed it. Those brushes are steel. Got a good painful hand wash going in, and not a bad one coming out!"

"What was the reaction?" I asked.

"Well I've got to tell you, I *averted* my eyes, as they say, when I turned around. I mean, I didn't challenge the three of them to make any comment. No one said anything. We were all so incommunicative anyway. But they must have thought something. At the very least, seeing all that commotion, someone must have laughed to himself if he knew what the trouble was; or if he thought I was buying myself with the machine he would have remarked to himself, 'Boy! that guy sure likes to get his golf balls clean—Mister Meticulous.' But we were a forlorn group. We kept everything to ourselves."

San Francisco has always been one of my favorite towns, but I saw little of it during my own golfing tour. My round in the pro-am there had been dismaying, and though I stayed over for the four additional days of the Lucky International tournament, most of that time I spent just endlessly going out practice shots at a driving range that was set on the edge of a vast bowl. It was an interesting place that had a spectacular view south to one of the city's hills, with its rising layers of white stucco houses, like an Italian hill town. The bowl must have been nearly a quarter of a mile across, fashioned from a deep cuplike gully, and any ball scratched off the driving range would roll a couple of hundred yards down its slopes. The arrangement was satisfying to one's ego, perched as the place was where one could enjoy the same esthetic pleasure of abandon one would feel driving a golf ball off the stern of an ocean liner, or off a high cliff into the treetops of a forest far below.

The place had a restaurant with a jukebox, and music was piped out along the length of the range so that the sad Bob Dylan ballads of the time became the background for golfing activity.

I would arrive in the morning and stay through the afternoon. Over a small lunch I got to know the manager of the range—a middle-aged man who chewed tobacco and said he had been in the

driving-range business for nearly 20 years, ever since the end of the war. He got around a golf course with a score in the mid-70s, he told me; a sign in the restaurant reported he was the range professional and was available for lessons at \$6 a half hour. But he preferred driving ranges; he felt they were the most interesting phenomenon in golf. "What happens on a golf course is predictable," he said. "People behave in a certain way. They're conditioned. But not on these ranges."

Just then the door to the luncheonette squeaked open and shut and one of the players from the range came in. I had noticed him down the line from me—grunting each time he punched stiffly at the ball. His style was a beginner's, for sure, his legs spread too far apart, the tees out and his stroke a quick scoop.

The manager looked up. "You ready for that lesson yet?"

"Lesson?" The man shook his head and swore. "Look at these hands." He held them out. They were raw and blistered.

The manager whistled and said he had some stuff back in the kitchen in a first-aid kit he thought might be helpful. He left to get it.

The player sagged down in a seat at our table. "Y'mind?"

"No," I said. "You want a beer?" There were a couple of opened bottles on the table.

He nodded. He picked up one by the neck and took a long drink and slapped the bottle down on the tabletop. He exhaled comfortably. "Boy!" He looked down at his hands. "These things are as weak as a woman's. What I get myself into? You wanna know? On television I see these guys hitting golf balls, and I watch, and I can't figure it. A guy would hit a big shot and then the guy hits a little shot. So how do you figure it? Hell, I couldn't figure it. Like all those words the guy on TV says, in that low voice so he don't disturb no one, like 'That's about a five from there.' Things like that. Five *what*? How ya know if ya don't play the game? Or words like *bride*, and *wedge*, and the grain of the grass and the breaks. Like he says it breaks just a bit to the left, and so I say to myself like I got to work this thing out. So I buy a set of clubs off a guy and yesterday I come out here and I buy a bag of balls and out there on those rubber carpets I hit maybe half of 'em along the ground and I can't figure it out until that guy, the manager, he comes aroun' and says I got warped clubs, and not only warped clubs but they're *leftee*—clubs for a left-handed

continued



golfer. Well, I feel pretty good to find that out. I wasn't hittin' the ball, and I couldn't figure it, because when I was a kid I played polo a couple times with a no-good pony and a no-good polo stick down in South America where I come from, and I could hit the ball a shot, I really could.

"Well, I had these wrong clubs, so I shift around' and try the other way, y'know, lefty? The manager—nice guy, real nice guy—he says, 'You wanna lesson?' I say, 'What the hell, I can figure it.' Already I figure what that guy on the TV means when he says, y'know, 'A five, that's about a five.' He's talking about a club. The club's got a 5 written down there on the head. I figure that: maybe I can figure the rest. So what do I do? I am out here today and this guy's breathing down my neck trying to get \$6 outta me for a golf lesson. . . ."

The manager was back with some saline and a tin box of Band-Aids.

"I'm a case for the hospital," the man said. "You know what? I'm going home to my wife and she is looking at my hands and she is saying what is with your hands, Harry? And what am I going to say? Golf? You kidding? She's seen those TV programs with all that whispering, y'know, the announcer, and these guys bending over the ball and taking these little tiny strokes with these clubs, and she is going to say, 'Playing golf—you been *fuking*'"

"And so I am saying Sophie you don't blisser fighting, you get things broke, Sophie, like a nose. This is what golf does to you, Sophie, I swear. It gets you in the hands, it can put you in the hospital, Sophie. . . ."

The manager was grinning. He sat down and tipped back in his chair. He was going to crowd in again with the \$6 offer, I could tell.

He did so. "Six dollars."

"You kiddin'?" Six dollars to learn something to get your wife all crazy?"

The golfer stood up and grinned. "O.K.," he said. "I'll come back maybe when I can catch hold of somethin' with my hands without it making me yell. . . ." He gestured with his hands. "Wow!" He pushed open the screen door with his elbows. "Man," he said, "I'm a hospital case."

The manager shook his head when he had gone. "You get some crazy ones,

He's a good fellow, that guy—crazy, but funny crazy, y'know, not nuts crazy. He comes out of Argentina, I think, when he is maybe 9 or 10, and he has this big business of bringing cowhides in from down there. Import business."

"He's something," I said.

"You get some crazy ones. . . . I mean the other kind, the *nuts* kind. You want I should tell you about the strangest. . . ."

"Sure," I said, and the manager hitched himself around in his chair.

"It didn't happen in this place I got here. This was when I had a smaller place down the coast, way down, Southern California. Little place, just when I was starting out. Big field in front, couple of archery targets out there, lights for night, maybe 20 mats—and the best thing I had was this jeep with a wire covering like a cage for protection from the guys hitting on the range, and you drive out on the field and it picks up the golf balls, like those hay things, y'know? Hayers?"

"Yes," I said. "I've seen those things. You got one here."

"That's right," he said. "I used to drive the one down there myself. I'll tell you something. When you're getting low on balls and you got to drive out and collect a big batch while you got customers on the mats, I'll tell you there isn't a golfer on the range that is not going to try and hit you with his shot. You get that jeep out 50 yards on that field and you can see them back there on the range reaching in their bags for two-irons to drill those shots low at you. 'Course you got this wire cage around the jeep which is supposed to keep you protected, but a ball can get through maybe, and for sure it makes you a mite uneasy about human nature. They really pepper you. Know what I mean?"

I said I did.

"Well, this one time," he went on, "I had been out with the jeep and picked up the balls. It was a July night, very late, with everything damp and sticky. There was just this one customer out on the firing line. He had come into the place—I could hear his tires screeching in the parking lot out back—not so long before closing time. Very late. An odd kind of cat. He took his pail of balls and they were gone in no time at all—he just ripped them out there, hardly tak-

ing the time to tee up his shot. Some he'd really sock, he was a big man. But he never took the time to see them sail out there—he'd be bending over the rubber tee with his next ball. Then when he'd done with his pail he came back to the window, y'know, of the little office where I was, carrying this club in his hand, and he looked in, fierce as all get-out, and he said, 'Gimme another pail' real tight.

"Well, I set him up with his pail and he went on out and got rid of them quick. Of course, closing time was coming up, midnight, but I don't like the looks of this guy. He wasn't someone you could just announce, 'Closing time, buddy,' without maybe his getting fierce and upset. So I gave him some extra time. I thought maybe I'd wait until he finished the last pail of balls, and then when he turned up at my window I'd say, just as cheerful as I could, that the place was closed for the night, but for sure we opened good and early in the morning and he could start right up fresh then.

"Well, I waited there reading a mug in my little office. But the odd thing was he didn't turn up for another pail. Strange, y'know. So I looked out and there he was, hitting the balls all different. Before he'd been ripping them out as fast as he could, now he was pulling a ball out of the pail and looking at it very carefully, turning it in his hand, and talking to it, and then he'd set it down on the tee. Then he'd talk to it some more, really giving hell to the ball. I could tell from the way his lips were moving. Sometimes he'd lean down and take the ball off the tee and talk to it some more from close up, just an inch or so away from his mouth like he was going to bite it. Then he'd set it back on the tee and after a while he'd rear back and really sock it—he'd put everything into really riding that ball out of there. He must have been a good golfer—I mean, those drives of his were getting out to that big archery target that is 300 yards off. And y'know on golfing ranges we use very low-compression balls with a wire in them, which makes it hard to give them a long ride. Of course, we bring in the targets to compensate, y'know?

"But this guy really poked them out there. Each shot, what with all this jawing and talking, took so much time that

continued

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the dawn would be coming up before he got down to the bottom of his pail. So I moseyed on out there from my office to say it was quitting time, just to say something like, "Hey, buddy," nothing sharp or controversial . . . and you know what this guy did?"

"What?"

"Why he angled around on that tee, moving quick like a crab, and he lined his shot up on me. Lord *Almighty*. I mean, there I was, right in his sights. He kept shouting at me, 'Get back!' You know what I did?"

"What?" I asked.

"I put my hands up in the air like I was being held up with a pistol."

"No," I said.

"I'm not kidding. I mean that guy facing me with those wild eyes and that driver just twitching to hit—man, I'd rather of faced a guy with a shotgun."

"Then what happened?"

"Well, I hack up, y'know, and I flash him this sort of nice smile, and I say, 'No sweat, man, you just keep on with what you're doing. I'll be just closing up and getting on home and you just keep right on. . . .' And then I turned and went out back toward my car, just leaving him in charge of the whole place. Man, what a walk! I had that itchy feeling like he was going to drill a golf ball right between my shoulder blades. I tell you I never looked back. Never. The fact is, I came in late the next morning. I open the place at 8—that is, I do usually—but this next morning I turn up maybe at 9, maybe later. And I look around pretty careful, sort of peering into corners, and it is all very peaceful, no sign that the big guy had been there, no sign of him at all.

"But, you know something? It was *creepy*. Like I felt the guy was around somewhere. I felt it in the office, this little place I used to sit, with the pails of golf balls under the counter, this little window like a wicket. Well, there's a big closet off the office in which I keep the clubs and the pails and a lawn mower and some stuff like that back in there. I had a feeling this guy had been in there—maybe still was. The door was ajar, y'know, not like the way it was the night before. I take a look in there, pulling open the door very fast. Nobody there. But you know what I see when I turn around?"

"What?"

continued

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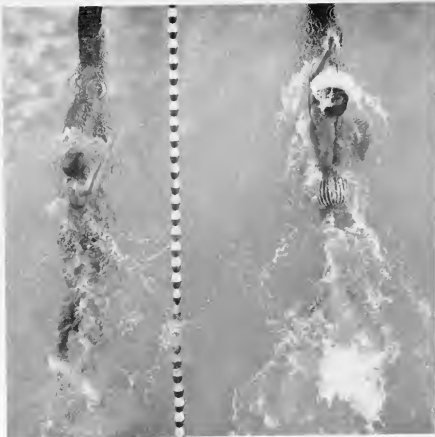
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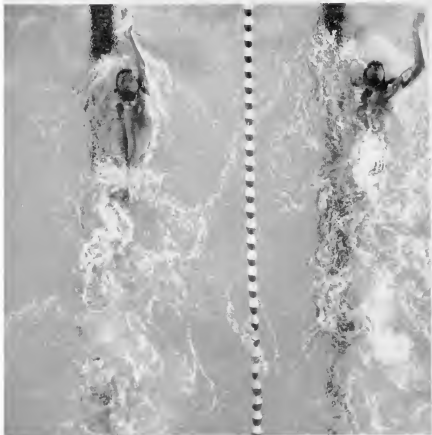
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"Well, I see these two pieces of paper on the office table. One of the papers, when I look, is a check drawn on an Illinois bank and is made out to the name of my place—man, in this terribly neat handwriting. You know what the amount of the check was?"

"How much?"

"One thousand dollars."

"Come on," I said.

"In this very neat hand. And there was this other note with it—the other piece of paper. It said 'This is for the jeep.'"

"So I said to myself, 'Oh God, he's taken the jeep.' And I run out by the mats down by the end where I keep the jeep, and it's still there—just sitting there where I left it. But the key's in it—it has a big wooden tag on it. He must have seen it in the office where it hangs on a peg. And when I go up and look in the jeep, I see that the key's bent almost double in the lock. . . . So he tried, didn't he. . . ?"

"I guess so," I said.

"He must have gotten in there and not pushed the key in far enough and when he turned it to get the thing started, well, it bent—the key bent darn near double."

"That sounds right," I said.

The manager clinked the beer bottles in front of him.

"Well, what would he want that jeep for—that crazy machine with a cage around it that he couldn't have driven two blocks in town without someone saying, 'Y'know, that thing belongs on the golf range.' I mean the police. . . ."

"I don't know," I said slowly, thinking about it.

"He had this perfectly good car out front. I'd heard him come in with his tires screeching."

"Was it there?"

"No. He'd driven off in it. I guess he changed his mind. He'd broken the key to the jeep."

"What about the check?" I asked.

"Aw, that check wouldn't have been no good. I kept it around for a while, like a souvenir. But then I threw it away. Some crazy nut, that's all."

NEXT WEEK

A touring pro may think golf is a one-man game, but that only means he has not asked his caddy, who will eagerly offer up from apocryphal on this and other matters of moment.

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Those were the instructions on the Ohio State blackboard, and the Buckeyes followed them perfectly as they locked up Leroy Keyes, held shocked Purdue scoreless and avenged Woody Hayes **by MERVIN HYMAN**

The mood in Columbus the night before Ohio State played Purdue was low key—or even low Keyes. The patrons in Benny Klein's were more interested in watching the belly dancer run her patterns than in what patterns might be run in the next day's football game. The Caravel Lounge in the Sheraton-Columbus Motor Hotel was empty. There was a little action in the Knaves' Cave of the Imperial House, where the Purdue team and many of its rooters were quartered. Yet there, when the entertainers called for someone to come up and lead the crowd in the Purdue fight song, nobody volunteered. Maybe that was because as late as last Thursday the motel staff had WELCOME OREGON—Ohio State's opponent the previous Saturday—on its marquee.

Even Woody Hayes, the usually grim and volatile Ohio State coach, was quiet. Never mind that Purdue had already wrecked Virginia, Notre Dame and Northwestern and was the No. 1 team in the nation. Or that Leroy Keyes, the Boilermakers' All-America, was one of the best this-that-and-everythings around. Or that Mike Phipps, the cool quarterback, could hit a needle in the eye with a football at 40 yards. Or that the Purdue defensive line was as forbidding—and maybe as heavy—as the Berlin Wall.

But if Hayes was relaxed, he was far from casual about Purdue. Indeed, he had thought of precious little else since the day a year ago that the Boilermakers mashed his Buckeyes 41-6. After that one, Hayes had thanked Coach Jack Mollenkopf for not pouring it on his ruined team. "It was horribly humiliating," Woody kept telling people.

It is not a good idea to humiliate Woody Hayes. The elephant of Columbus doesn't forget. So it was not surprising that Hayes spent most of spring practice getting ready for Purdue. The week before the Oregon game he even used three practice days working on offensive and defensive maneuvers specially designed for the Boilermakers.

Purdue's Mollenkopf, meanwhile, was concerned about Ohio State's pass defense. "They've used two different ones

in their two games," he said, "and who knows what Woody will come up with tomorrow?" In that case, would he use Keyes more as a runner? "Well, I just don't know," he said. "We'll just have to see how it goes."

How it went Saturday afternoon was a record 84,834—minus 74 Purdue boosters whose chartered plane was grounded by the weather back in West Lafayette—watched in Ohio Stadium was lousy, at least when seen from Mollenkopf's seat. Ohio State's small but quick defense stopped the powerful Boilermakers cold—passing and running. The Buckeyes held Keyes to a mere 19 yards in seven carries and limited him to only four pass receptions, his worst day on offense since kindergarten, and they hit Phipps with a tidal wave of a pass rush, the likes of which he had never drowned under before. When the Buckeyes were done, their 13-0 victory had looked absurdly easy.

Although the Ohio State offense piled up 411 yards, the victory applause belonged to the defense. It was well tuned and well coached. Purdue, which had averaged better than 41 points and 437 yards a game, was held to 57 yards rushing. Phipps alone was thrown seven times for 58 yards in losses. It also was the first time in three years that a Purdue team was shut out. Chiefly responsible for this first-class beating down of No. 1 were Dave Whitfield, a 185-pound end, Paul Schmudlin and Brad Nielsen, a pair of 220-pound tackles, and Jim Stillwagon, a sophomore middle guard. Primarily because of them, Phipps could manage only 10 completions on 28 attempts before he was shaken up and removed from the game with about 12 minutes to play. Meanwhile, Cornerback Jack Tatum and Halfback Ted Provost took turns playing Keyes when he lined up at flanker, which was most of the time, and they

UNABLE TO PASS, LONG RUNS FOR SCORE

were never more than a breath away from Leroy.

Ohio State's game plan was simple. It was chalked in large letters on a blackboard in the OSU dressing room. **KHP COOL BABY AND RUN THOSE FAT TACKLES TO DEATH.** The Buckeyes followed both orders exceptionally well. Sophomore Quarterback Rex Kern, one of nine sophomores in the starting Ohio State lineup, supplied the cool and Fullback Jim Otis ran the tackles for 144 yards in 29 carries.

Kern, the son of a Lancaster, Ohio, barber, was on almost every college coach's recruiting list during his senior year of high school. It was no coincidence that Woody Hayes used to make the 26-mile trip to Lancaster once a week to get his hair cut. Hayes and Fred Taylor, the Ohio State basketball coach who also wanted Kern, finally persuaded him to come to OSU.

An imposing redhead who likes to gamble on the football field, Kern enjoys an independence that Ohio State quarterbacks have rarely had under Hayes, including permission to call some of the plays. He called one in the SMU game that says all one needs to know about him. With fourth and 11 on the SMU 41-yard line and his team leading 20-7 late in the first half, Kern brusquely waved off a punter Hayes sent into the game and ran the ball himself—for 16 yards and a first down. A moment later he threw a 25-yard touchdown pass.

Kern not only has gall, he has courage. He underwent a spinal disc operation in June, but by the first week in September he had beaten out Bill Long, who was the starting quarterback the past two years. Kern got a helmet in the jaw in the Oregon game and spent last week wearing a hard cage on his sore chin and eating mush, which off his performance: eight of 16 passes for 78 yards and 45 yards rushing—might mean mush replaces surliness at the OSU training table. On three occasions in a scoreless first half his runs and passes led the Buckeyes down the field, but each time OSU kickers missed field goals.

The Ohio State defense took matters into its own hands in the second half. On the fourth play of the third quarter, Provost picked off one of Phipps' passes on the Purdue 34-yard line and ran it back for a touchdown. Ten minutes later a second interception, this one by Stillwagon on the Purdue 25, set up an-

other score. Otis plunged for nine yards and then seven, but Kern was hit for a six-yard loss back to the 14 and suffered a bruised shoulder on the play. He was replaced by Long, who faded to pass but was unable to find an open receiver so he ran—right up the middle for a touchdown. The extra point made it 13-0.

After that Ohio State set out to protect the lead the way Woody Hayes knows best: fullback inside the tackles and never mind the dust. The Buckeyes did not throw another pass and Otis hampered away at the weary Purdue line.

The Bowlersmakers had one good chance to score after recovering a fumble by Otis on the OSU 34 early in the fourth quarter. They moved to a first down on the eight, but for some reason Keyes did not get the ball in the next four plays, and Purdue died. Keyes' role for the entire day, in fact, was something of a mystery. He suffered a hack bruise around midweek, but Mollenkopf said later this did not hamper him. When USC gets in trouble O. J. Simpson carries 47 times. But with Purdue in trouble, Keyes carried only seven times.

When it was all over Mollenkopf was roaming the field looking for Woody Hayes to congratulate him, but Woody was busy being lifted to the shoulders of some of his stalwart young athletes. Mollenkopf finally found him, and this time Hayes wasn't saying thank you for taking it easy. The chimes, which ring out whenever OSU wins in Ohio Sta-

te, began to sound and they never sounded sweeter to Woody.

Later, his silvery hair tousled, his short-sleeved white nylon shirt hanging out of his trousers and his tie askew, Hayes struggled to get the plastic cover off a container of Coke in the Ohio State dressing room. "That was the finest defensive effort I've ever seen," he said happily. "It was unbelievable the way our little kids just overpowered their big blockers. But I had nothing to do with it. I don't monkey with the defense. The credit goes to the kids and our four defensive coaches—Lou McCullough, Bill Mallory, Lou Holtz and Esco Sarkkmen. They're the ones."

Over in the Purdue dressing room Mollenkopf, his team's No. 1 ranking gone and his hopes of winning the Big Ten championship and a trip to the Rose Bowl all but gone, tried to explain why Keyes didn't carry the ball more than seven times, and only once in the second half.

"We thought we could do a lot of things, but they wouldn't let us," he said glumly. "That defense was magnificent. We kept Leroy at flanker because their ends were taking his running game away from him. They were coming straight in and their good linebackers were filling in beautifully. There was nowhere for him to run. I think Woody outcoached me."

Over the years, Woody Hayes has done that to a lot of people.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERM WEISKOPF

MIDWEST

- 1 OHIO STATE (3-0)
- 2 KANSAS (4-0)
- 3 PURDUE (3-1)

Ohio State's win over Purdue seemed appropriate enough, coming as it did in Columbus on Columbus Day. Meanwhile, at Iowa City, a homecoming crowd found out that Indiana can make any town the right place for its usual high-scoring, come-from-behind antics. Down 28-21, the Hoosiers pulled out one more of their customary grab-bag Big Ten wins, beating Iowa 38-34.

On the surface, everything looked in order at Ann Arbor, too, when 102,785 showed up to watch Michigan take on Michigan State. In any other year the natural rivalry would have had fans pointing for Saturday's game all week, but the folks in Ann Arbor

were so preoccupied by the Detroit Tigers winning the World Series that the only ones heard screaming "Beat State!" before the game were the Wolverine players at practice. With the kickoff, though, Mickey Lolich and the rest of the Tigers were suddenly forgotten.

Still, it was Ron Johnson, brother of Cincinnati Red Outfielder Alex Johnson, who scored the first Michigan touchdown. The Spartans, however, gained a 14-13 lead in the fourth quarter, and things looked even worse for the Wolverines when Quarterback Dennis Brown went back to throw at mid-field and a swarm of Spartans, all eager to dismember him, zeroed in. Desperate, Brown lobbed a pass. End Jim Mandich caught it on the 25-yard line and scored as the Wolverines, much like the Tigers, escaped

richmond

disaster and came out with a victory 28-14.

Doug Roelstad's 61-yard touchdown run with a punt return gave Minnesota a 14-0 lead, and then the defense stopped Illinois on the 10- and 20-yard lines to hold off the Illini 17-10. Outsiders knocked off two more Big Ten squads, Utah State downing Wisconsin 20-0 and Notre Dame stopping Northwestern 27-7. John Pappas passed for three quick scores in the first period to take care of the Badgers. Terrey Hannerty of the Irish found the range on just six of 16 passes but ran for 77 yards as Notre Dame gained 308 yards on the ground.

While Kansas was defeating Nebraska (page 12), Missouri and Iowa State also advanced in the Big Eight. Missouri, using a spread defense to contain Big Eight total-offense leader Bob Anderson, beat Colorado 27-14. Anderson, taking advantage of the only route open to him, made good on long passes over the middle for scoring plays of 66 and 80 yards but, except for those bombs, the Tigers dominated the game, getting off 112 plays from scrimmage as compared to 37 for the Buffaloes. Iowa State picked off six Kansas State passes and came from behind to prevail 23-14.

No sooner had Air Force moved ahead of Navy 20-6 in Chicago than the Midshipmen came to life, scored twice and tied the game. Then Falcon Quarterback Gary Baxter got busy. He took the Air Force 69 yards and went over from five yards out to make the final score 26-20.

In the Mid-American Conference everything is set for a showdown this week between Ohio and Miami of Ohio, who are tied for the lead with 3-0 records. With Dick Conley picking up 162 yards in 29 tries, Ohio had an easy time disposing of William & Mary 41-0. Miami came through with its third straight shutout against MAC competition, whipping Marshall 46-0 and gaining 520 yards. Mark Bordeaux threw two touchdown passes as Western Michigan scored yet another shutout, beating Kent State 14-0. Absolutely no one scored in the Bowling Green-Toledo contest, virtually wiping out title hopes for both teams.

SOUTH

1. FLORIDA (4-0)
2. GEORGIA (3-0-1)
3. TENNESSEE (3-0-1)

It was halftime in Athens and with his Georgia team having gained a scant 63 yards and trailing Mississippi 7-0 it was time for Coach Vince Dooley to change his strategy. Right? No. Dooley merely said, "Just get out there and play football, and you can beat Ole Miss by two touchdowns." Dooley ended right up there with Jeane Devon, for his Bulldogs were two-touchdown winners, 21-7.

Jim McCullough kicked two field goals for the aroused Bulldogs. Dennis Hughes

made a catch of a 24-yard pass that was worthy of top billing by Kungling Brothers. End Billy Payne excelled on defense, and Quarterback Mike Cavan kept the offense rolling. Dooley may have had little to say at halftime, but Cavan admitted that he gave himself a scolding that apparently got him untracked. "I was," explained Cavan, "Ned the Primer in the first half. I mean, like I was in the first grade. I decided it was time to get going."

Georgia Tech, once renowned for seat-backs who could dip and dart and run through a keyhole, is devoid of good runners these days. Then it was that Larry Good threw more passes against Tennessee (61) than some Tech teams tried in a full season. Good set a school record for completions (25) but two of his last-period throws wound up in enemy hands and the Volunteers won 24-7. It was an error-filled game, with Tennessee recovering six Tech fumbles and losing five of its own. Tennessee Wingback Lester McClain did manage to hang on to the ball, though, twice catching touchdown passes from Bubba Wyche. "The way Bubba was throwing, it would have been a crime not to catch it," said McClain modestly. In fact, though, he had to make a spectacular grab to bail in one end-zone pass.

Fine catches were also turned in by Miami receivers, most notably Dave Kalina, as the Hurricanes beat LSU 30-0, its worst loss in five years. Kalina had to outreach LSU defenders, first when he pulled in a 47-yard pass, and then when he hung on to a 22-yard touchdown toss. Both were thrown by David Olivo. Said Tiger Coach Charlie McClelland: "Olivo had time to pass, but when he didn't, he still completed the pass. It wasn't the fault of our secondary. Every time a Miami player caught one, our men were hanging on to him."

Auburn, which will not face Georgia and Tennessee until next month, remained on top of the Southeastern Conference. The Tigers may have difficulty retaining that lead come November, for they had trouble against nonconference foe Clemson and had to hustle in the second half to win 21-10. Alabama finally put together an effective running game as the Tide finished off Vanderbilt 31-7 in an SEC contest. In nonconference games, Florida broke a 3-3 tie with three last-period scores to defeat Tulane 24-3 and Mississippi State was crushed by Southern Mississippi 47-14. Kentucky, using new men at seven offensive positions, upset Oregon State 35-34. Bill (Earthquake) Eynart of the Beavers fumbled for a two-yard loss—the first time all year he has been thrown for a loss—but he more than atoned for that by scoring on four short runs. It was Dicky Lyons who made the Wildcat win possible as he scored three times, twice on short plunges, once on a 22-yard pass.

North Carolina State, winner of three straight Atlantic Coast Conference battles, moved into first place with a 36-12 win over South Carolina. Strong ground games helped Virginia and Maryland to pick up ACC victories. Jeff Anderson gained 184 yards and Frank Quattrone 182 as the Cavaliers ran for a total of 494 in blasting Duke 50-20. Maryland won for the first time on a lucky 13 tries under Coach Bob Ward, overtaking North Carolina 33-24 as Billy Lovett carried the ball 39 times for 172 yards.

West Texas State's Mercury Moera, the nation's leading rusher with a 223-yard-per-game average going into the contest, was limited to just 52 yards and Memphis State scored four times in the last 15 minutes to win 42-21. Louisville took its Missouri Valley opener from Tulsa 16-7 as Wally Oyler passed 39 yards to Larry Hart for a late touchdown. Virginia Tech beat Wake Forest 7-6 and Richmond withstood a comeback by The Citadel to finish on top 21-16.

SOUTHWEST

1. ARKANSAS (4-0)
2. TEXAS TECH (3-0-1)
3. TEXAS (2-1-1)

Seldom in the 63-year-old Texas-Oklahoma rivalry have so many lumps had so much to shout about for so long as they did last Saturday in the Cotton Bowl. In the end the Most Happy Fellas among the 71,938 fans were those yelling for Texas. They could lay claim to their new collective monicker, thanks to the footwork of sophomore Happy Feller, who kicked field goals of 29, 40 and 53 yards—the last one hitting the crossbar on the way over—as the Longhorns won 26-20.

There was, though, much more to the show than just Feller. Sooner Tailback Steve Owens churned out 127 yards in 28 rushes and Quarterback Bob Warrick threw two touchdown passes and scored on a 15-yard run that gave Oklahoma a 20-19 lead with 2:37 left. Texas countered throughout with Fullback Steve Worster, a powerful and original runner who lists to starboard and seems to be trying to scratch his right knee as he plods on. He gained 121 yards in 14 carries. The Longhorns also had an mteop to go with Feller's toe. Bill Bradley, the erstwhile quarterback, put enough backspin on his punts to have two of them bounce back out of the Sooner end zone and roll dead on the one- and two-yard lines.

Still, it was Bradley's replacement, Quarterback Jim Street, who led the Longhorns on their 85-yard game-winning drive. Street hit on five passes as he brought the ball to the Sooner 21. Then Worster took over once again, barging ahead for 14 yards on a draw play and, on the very next play, slamming over right guard, breaking a tackle and scoring.

Texas Tech, which had upset Texas

continued

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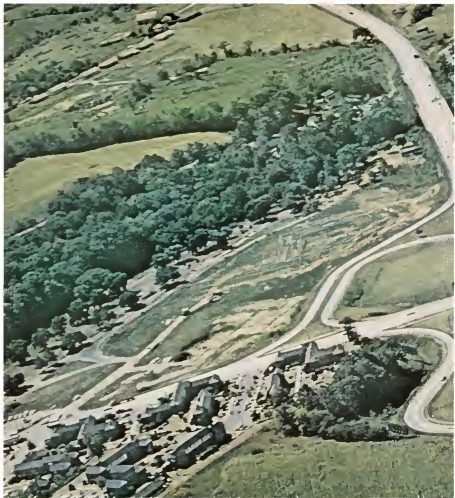
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earlier, surprised the other Southwest Conference co-favorite—Texas A&M—as the Red Raiders scored twice in the final period to win 21-16. All of the Tech scoring drives were set up by the passing of Joe Matulech. Arkansas moved into a tie for the conference lead with the Raiders by holding off Baylor 35-19. The Razorbacks nearly blew a 21-0 lead as Pinky Palmer of the Bears gained 120 yards on the ground and Steve Stuart completed 16 of 23 passes to cut the score to 21-19 with 8:26 remaining. Bill Montgomery then guided the Razorbacks to a pair of quick touchdowns to wrap up the game.

TCU double-teamed Jerry Levis of SMU most of the day and, although he still caught nine passes, the Horned Frogs kept him from any long gainers. But with the score tied in the fourth quarter, Levis gathered in a punt on his own 11, dodged a covey of would-be tacklers and went all the way for a touchdown and a 21-14 victory.

Houston fumbled (dropping the ball 10 times and losing it four) and bumbled (throwing four interceptions) its way out of the unbeaten ranks. Taking advantage of it all was previously winless Oklahoma State, which won 21-17 when Wayne Hallmark scored with just 56 seconds to go.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (4-0)
2. SYRACUSE (3-1)
3. YALE (3-0)

Slightly less than three minutes before the final gun, Army quarterback Steve Lindell threw a pass over the head of Tight End Gary Steele at the California 29-yard line. The pass looked long, and the Cadets seemed one play closer to losing to the Golden Bears—who were leading 7-3 and who had given up only one touchdown all year. But Steele, who is also a high jumper on the track team, sprang up, up, up after the ball, latched onto it high in the air, fought off a defender and raced into the end zone. In all, the play covered 62 yards and meant a 10-7 defeat for previously unbeaten California.

Keeping track of all the points was almost as difficult as pronouncing the names of those who scored them for Syracuse as the Orangemen made poor Pittsburgh a helpless 50-17 victim. Among those scoring for Syracuse were Belgian-born Kicker George Jakowenko, Mike Chlebeck and Quarterbacks Paul Paolitto and Rich Panczynsyn. Syracuse scored in every possible way except one—a two-point conversion, but at least the Panthers managed one of those.

Pitt had some early moments, too, as Quarterback Dave Havren passed for 264 yards in the first half. He brought the Panthers back from 17-0 to 17-14, but after intermission the Orangemen effectively blitzed Havren. His running backs could gain only three yards all day and were not

able to take any of the pressure off him.

Talking about Villanova's defense, Boston College Coach Joe Yutka had this lucid postgame comment: "Villanova used 5-3, 4-4, 5-4 and 4-3 defenses. On pass defense they covered both zone and man-to-man and they played us for the outside square." Do not be deceived by the mumbo-jumbo, because Eagle Quarterback Red Harris was not fooled by all those defenses. He had 18 completions in 34 tries, good for 253 yards and a 28-15 win.

Brown may have left Brian Dowling of Yale in stitches, but it was the Bulldog quarterback who had the last laugh. He had to take time out in the first quarter to receive five stitches in his eyebrow, and in the third period he hurt his ankle and left the game. Dowling, however, was in for 42 plays and that was long enough to gain 113 yards rushing and 192 passing and take the Bulldogs on a 35-13 Ivy League romp.

Like Dowling, Tailbacks Scott MacLenn and Brian McCullough of Princeton each got only half a day's work in, giving separate but equal performances as the Tigers surprised Dartmouth 34-7. MacLenn accumulated 137 yards on the ground and another 41 by hitting on all five of his passes, while McCullough ran for 144 yards and passed for 20 more. Penn, with the help of a Cornell field goal try that hit the crossbar and bounced back, won its third game in a row 10-8. A 58-yard pass from Bernie Zbrzezny (how did Syracuse miss him!) to

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Senior Halfback Ron Johnson led Michigan to a 28-14 upset of Michigan State, scoring on a 38-yard run with the game barely two minutes old and picking up a total of 152 yards overall in 19 tries for the Wolverines.

THE LINEBACKER: Defensive End Billy Payne of Georgia corralled Ole Miss Quarterback Archie Manning, intercepting one of his passes, stopping his rollouts and making 11 individual tackles as the Bulldogs came from behind to win.

Dave Graham and a 22-yard field goal by Eliot Berry gave the Quakers their points. Vic Gatto, the 5' 6" Harvard captain, ran for 144 yards and the defense forced Columbus into a rash of errors as the Crimson won 21-14.

Interceptions enabled Rutgers and Colgate to win. Safetyman John Pollock of Rutgers ran back one interception 54 yards for a touchdown and then ended Lehigh's comeback-behind hopes by stealing another in the closing minutes as the Scarlet Knights hung on 29-26. Halfback Al Klump of Colgate intercepted two Holy Cross aerials to save a 14-6 victory.

WEST

1. USC (4-0)
2. STANFORD (3-1)
3. ARIZONA STATE (3-1)

Half an hour before kickoff time a USC assistant coach said, "It's doubtful that O.J. will play. It's strictly up to him if he thinks his knee can take it." Well, O. J. Simpson felt he could play and that is the only reason that the Trojans defeated Stanford 27-24 and remained unbeaten. Despite his bad knee, O.J. carried the ball 47 times (a record for him), gained 220 yards and scored three touchdowns, giving him 12 this season. Actually, though, it was Simpson's improvised passing that made the difference. O.J. was tripped behind the line on a fourth-and-one situation with the ball on the Stanford 33, the score 24-24 and 11:15 to play. Just when it seemed that Simpson might be dumped for a loss he spotted Dan Scott near the sideline at the 11. He let fly with a pass, Scott caught it, and four plays later Ron Ayala kicked a field goal.

Penn State, which lost to UCLA 17-15 last year on a blocked kick, capitalized on a similar play to hand the Bruins a 21-6 defeat. Linebacker Jack Ham blocked the punt in the second period and Jim Kates, another linebacker, poked it up and ran 36 yards for a touchdown. Explaining how he was able to get to the ball, Kates said, "The center had a peculiar motion. He moved the ball forward before snapping it and I was able to time myself." Tom Cherry and Charlie Pittman broke tackles to score the other Nittany Lion touchdowns. Cherry on a 76-yard pass, Pittman on a 28-yard run.

Fog, cancelled flights and other delays turned the 300-mile trip to Seattle into an odyssey for the Oregon team. When the Ducks finally got a chance to work out on the Huskies' AstroTurf it was 10 o'clock on Friday night and the only light was provided by a parked car and by a few rays that spilled over from a nearby practice field. Oregon had trouble the next day, too, on the rain-slicked carpet but managed to win 3-0 on a 38-yard field goal by Ken Woody.

Arizona State came back to life as Art Malone ran for 135 yards and Larry Walton scored three times to polish off Washington State 41-14. Wyoming trailed Brigham Young 17-7 after three periods, but fought back to win 20-17 when Bob Jacobs kicked a 31-yard field goal with six seconds left to play in their Western Athletic Conference game. New Mexico mental errors helped Utah win another WAC contest 30-7. One Lobo took a kickoff on his own three-yard line and then downed the ball in the end zone, thus giving the Redskins a safety. Earlier, with the Lobos in front 7-6, they accepted a penalty instead of forcing the Redskins to punt. On the next play, Utah scored on a 56-yard pass and that was the beginning of the end for New Mexico. **END**

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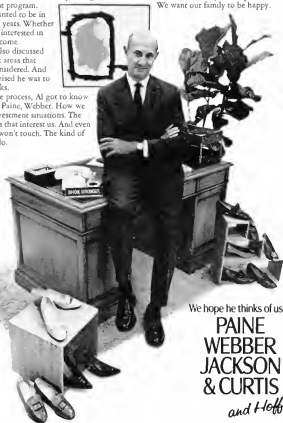
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* In view of Actor Peter O'Toole's cheerful expression it might almost have been Elizabeth rather than Richard Burton twitting him at Longchamp about his mustache. The Burtons attended the recent running of the Arc de Triomphe as guests of the Baron Guy de Rothschild. Richard courteously placed 1,000 francs upon the Baron's horse Luther and lost them with a degree of courtesy not recorded. He did better with his more sentimental choices, backing Sir Ivor "because I have a brother of that name" and Carmarthen "out of patriotism for Wales." Sir Ivor and Carmarthen came in second and third. Burton rarely loses money on his sentimental selections.

There is some disagreement about the proceedings in a bar near Cleveland last July. Ralph Smith and Frank Ryan of the Cleveland Browns say that they were simply trying to watch teammate Bill Glass (long active in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes) on a television show with Evangelist Billy Graham. A fellow patron of the bar, one Gerald Johnson, is not certain what the show on television was, but is certain indeed that Smith strode over and struck him,

breaking his nose, because, whatever the program, Smith felt that Johnson was interfering with his appreciation of it. "We were talking among ourselves," Johnson says of his party, "and we weren't paying attention to the program." Johnson has filed charges of assault and battery, which Smith must answer this week, but he says he is still a fan of the Cleveland Browns.

In 1924 the Honorable Dorothy Brett left England with her friends Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Lawrence for a six-month visit to Taos, N. Mex. Now, at 84, the Honorable Dorothy is still there, and she is annoyed about the fishing. "My favorite streams are all lined solidly with Texans," she says. "They wear white shirts and red shirts and make a lot of noise and wonder why they don't catch any fish. I can tell them why. Fish are smart. You have to wear a blue shirt or a green shirt, and sneak up on them."

Anyone who thinks that General de Gaulle is no longer really with it is wrong again. Le Grand Charles turned up at the Paris automobile show and evinced a lively interest in the latest developments. He paused before

the Ford GT40, which won at Le Mans, to comment politely, "You can see it won the race. I congratulate you" and at the stand of the French racing car Matra he said to Driver Servoz-Gavin, "Ah, it is you. You were not lucky." Of the Jarret electronic model he observed, "C'est amusante, cette petite chose-là" ("It's cute, this little one"). Finally, he stunned his entourage by stopping to examine a \$3,800 Saab and announcing, "I will think about it."

"Don't," his advisors advised, but Israel's elder statesman David Ben-Gurion did. He hustled, at the age of 82, upon climbing the steps of an eight-story tower in Beersheba. "If you do not want to climb the tower, do not," he said to reporters. "I will." When he and the press got back to the bottom of the stairs, Ben-Gurion was the man not out of breath—perhaps because he keeps fit by taking four-mile walks each day in the desert.

The heat of the political campaign is, as usual, resulting in the proliferation of special-interest committees for the various candidates, such as Farmers For Nixon, Elevator Operators For Humphrey and Shipping Clerks For Agnew. Inside sources report that another such group is about to be established—Fishermen For Muskie.

The 1968 Olympics got under way beneath enough of a cloud without the observations of Otto Hupfoborn, pretender to the throne of Austria. "The Games have become a political instrument in the hands of the Russians and the Americans," he said in an editorial for a Madrid newspaper. "It is logical that rules perfectly adapted to the peaceful passage of the 19th century into the 20th are not adapted in our day. In honor of sport and the ideals of Baron de Coubertin, the most logical thing would be, without

doubt, to finish this low farce and make Mexico City the end. If this isn't desired at least there ought to cost the intellectual honesty to admit that what happens in the future under the name of the Olympic Games has as much in common with true sport as a wrestling match among professionals."

♦ The report from England is that Lee Trevino was advised not to go about the island in cowboy attire, so he and his manager, Bucky Way, complied with the burst of elegance below. Whether this radical change of style affected Trevino in the Piccadilly World Match Play tournament is questionable, but something certainly did. He was put out in the first round.

Pat Hazzard and Joanne Meschery, wives of NBA stars Walt Hazzard (just traded to Atlanta) and Tom Meschery of the Seattle SuperSonics, have written a booklet called *Basketball for Dummies*. They had thought of calling it, more alliteratively, *Basketball for Breads*, but they chickened out.





Protests flew as Ronnie Bucknum (above) won a new speedway's first race, and famous drivers battled track and officials for title points

The great Michigan muddle

The thing about Mario Andretti is that in addition to being a pretty fast driver he is also a tenacious little guy. That is the main reason why, after a seven-month struggle, he holds the lead, however shakily, in the 1968 national big-car championship after last Sunday's 250-mile event on an ambitious new track, the Michigan International Speedway.

Andretti did not win the race—that surprise honor and \$17,000 went to Ronnie Bucknum, a 32-year-old Californian better known for his sports car driving than his efforts in these Indy cars—and when the checkered flag fell he was not even second. The runner-up spot went, briefly, to a car co-driven by Mike Mosley and Bobby Unser, until last week the championship point leader.

But the race, or in this case even second place, is not always to the swift, occasionally the meticulous come through, and when Andretti and Crew Chief Clint Brawner rechecked the scoring sheets, they figured Andretti had finished sec-

ond. Brawner put up the \$100 necessary to protest the order of finish. Chief Steward Harry McQuinn took a look at the official electronic tapes, and McQuinn agreed with Brawner. He placed Andretti second and Mosley-Unser third, which did nothing to console Unser. He, in turn, protested the Andretti protest, at which point the officials gave up—another driver had also lodged a complaint against the posted order of finish—and sent everything back to Indianapolis for further checking.

All of this served to overshadow Bucknum's steady drive and well-deserved victory, which he won at an average speed of 163.043 mph, and the fact that the Michigan facility didn't waste any time coming of age despite a couple of first-race snags. For one there was a monumental traffic jam coming and going, caused by the 55,000 paying customers and by several thousand more people who had intended to see the race but never got further than a place called Cambridge Junction, a stoplight

about half a mile away from the track.

The speedway is located just south of the town of Jackson in an area of soft, rolling land and quiet lakes known as the Irish Hills (four-leaf clovers were among the promotional gimmicks) just 67 miles from downtown Detroit. It is an easy drive from the test tracks of GM, Ford and Chrysler. More important, it is the only superspeedway in the Midwest outside of Indianapolis which, of course, confines its activity to the Memorial Day 500. That only serves to whet the racing appetites of fans in the heavily populated areas of southern Michigan, Ontario, northern Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Besides the big Sunday crowd, another 30,000 watched Saturday's practice and qualifying session, a crowd that most promoters would be satisfied with on race day.

The track was conceived early in 1966 by a group headed by a Detroit real-estate planner, Larry LoPatin. He bought up 800 acres of land, hired Charles Moncypenny of Daytona Beach, Fla. to do the major design work and asked former driver Stirling Moss to lay out a three-mile road circuit that, as Moss tells it, would "combine the southern Michigan countryside with downtown Detroit."

LoPatin broke ground last fall and, gambling on a break from the weather, scheduled Sunday's 250-mile U.S. Auto Club race. It was a tribute to modern technology and a whopping chunk of payroll overtime that the track was completed just about the time the race began.

The race was exciting enough in itself, the fact that Unser and Andretti were joined in battle for the USAC point championship was just so much frosting. To Mario, of course, the thing was an old story. In 1965 he had won the title. He repeated the following year, then fell back last season as A. J. Foyt took his fifth championship.

This year it looked as though Andretti and everybody else would again be outsiders. After the first five races of the season, including the Indy 500, Unser had four wins and more than 2,000 points, while Andretti was winless and had less than 500 points. After the 500, though, Bobby's luck changed and he was hit with a rash of chassis and engine problems and a series of spectacular crashes. The 500 was championship event No. 5; the MIS event was No. 25. In between, Unser had managed just one more

victory—the Pikes Peak Hill Climb, which he won for the ninth time in 13 years—while Andretti set some sort of record for both doggedness and frustration by winning four races and finishing second eight times. Slowly, the margin Unser had built so rapidly shrank to 163 points.

Both drivers were a bit bland about their rivalry. As the 500 champ, Unser could well afford to be loose. Andretti remarked wistfully, "I would trade three national championships for a 500 win."

A mild case of the yips permeated the driving ranks at MIS, as usually happens at the opening event of any racetrack. Everybody knew this one would be fast, in tire tests Gordon Johncock (for Goodyear) and Andretti (for Firestone) had lapped the two-mile oval at better than 182 mph. Besides the high speeds, the cornering forces that the 18° banked turns exerted on the cars' suspension pieces were a part of

the weekend's conversation and worry.

"At Indianapolis," one young driver said, "they make rookies go through all that rigmarole, and then you've got 30 days to get used to 165 mph, here they give you five hours to learn how to drive at 180."

Lloyd Ruby, a 12-year veteran of the big cars, said, "This is a nice racetrack—to drive on by yourself." And even Bobby Unser showed some apprehension when he said, "This will be a good one if everything holds together."

During the week of the race the *Express*, a paper published in Brooklyn, Mich., the nearest community to MIS, ran a picture of racing cars captioned with the old Irish blessing, "And may God hold you in the hollow of His hand."

For a while on Saturday, the only day of practice allowed, it was a crowded hollow. Bobby's younger brother Al put the first official dent on the track wall when he lost a wheel. Then Jim Malloy brushed the wall in the No. 2 turn, and

Johncock, who had more than 700 miles of testing at the track, simply moved into the first turn too deep during his qualifying trial. The rear end broke loose, Johncock overcorrected and his racer went into a lazy spin at about 165 mph and wound up against the outside wall, too damaged to make the race.

But for Andretti and Unser everything went smoothly. Through the luck of the draw Mario qualified immediately before Bobby, and they wound up next to each other on the first row—Andretti on the pole with an average speed of 183.67 mph. Unser was just .46 second behind, despite having to use his back-up car after he had burned a piston in his first one, and despite running without the front-end spoilers used on nearly every other race car to help keep the front end occasionally in touch with the track.

Although there were no serious mishaps during the race—the only contender was a first-lap brush between Roger Mc-

crackland



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CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

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MOTOR SPORTS *continued*

Cluskey and Mac Dudley the track did take its toll of machinery. Only 11 of the 26 starters were running at the finish, and only Bucknum, Unser and Andretti were anywhere near contention at the end.

Andretti, in fact, was lucky to finish. With superior horsepower, Unser built a steady lead over his rival. Then, on the 67th lap of the 125-lap race Mario coasted slowly into the pits from about a mile out. Engine trouble? Blown tire? Nothing like that. He was out of gas. His crewmen had calculated he could run at least 70 laps on the full load he had begun the race with, they missed by two, and Andretti lost 90 seconds, or nearly 2½ laps, by failing to come in for fuel earlier.

That left the track clear for Unser, but, as his first car had in practice, his backup car blew its engine on the main straight after 76 laps. Unser parked it at the end of the pit and ran over to flag in the car of his teammate, Mike Mosley, which, due to the attrition, was now in the lead. Unser simply requisitioned Mosley's car, a move condoned because of an archaic and foolish USAC rule that allows a copilot to share a starting driver's championship points on a prorated basis.

The propriety of the rule is dubious at best. The driving title for 1967 was decided in the season's last race when A. J. Foyt crashed in the Rex Mays 300 at Riverside, Calif., hopped into Roger McCluskey's car and drove it long enough to get the points necessary for his fifth championship.

Even so, Unser's strategy did not preserve his lead. Second place was worth 400 points to Andretti and put him slightly ahead. With just three races left, Mario's lead over Unser is 139 points (assuming the order of finish as of Sunday night is upheld), 3,538 to 3,399. By jumping cars Unser picked up 98 points. The biggest loser of all was Mosley, a 23-year-old in his second championship season, who probably could have held on to win. It would have been his first victory. During the exchange of cars Unser, who is 6 feet even, had difficulty adjusting to Mosley's car. Mosley is 5' 7", and the seat had been tailored for him.

Andretti said pragmatically, "It's in the rulebooks, and I would do it myself. But I don't like the rule."

"Besides, I'm a little guy [5' 6"]. I can't just get into any car."

END

*At the
start
the left hand
must
be right*

The first part of a sound golf swing is a sound grip with your left hand, since it is with your left hand that you first grasp the club. The position of the left hand should be the same whether you use an interlocking, overlapping or a baseball grip. There is a correct way and an incorrect way to hold the club in your left hand. Many golfers prefer to hold it in the fingers of their left hand. However, I grip the club in my palm as much as possible. Try this test. Rest a club against your fingers. It all feels pretty weak, doesn't it? Now rest the same club in your palm. Feels pretty firm, doesn't it? By holding the club in your palm you have complete control throughout the swing and thus can make a more solid swing and a stronger hit. As far as I am concerned, there is no other way to grip the club with your left hand.

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Darling of the kibitzers

Competing for a berth on the North American team in the 1969 World Championship is Sidney Lazard, whose style delights the galleries

There will be some notable absences when play begins in Atlantic City October 25 to select the North American team for the 1969 World Championship. Robert Jordan and Arthur Robinson, considered by many to have the best record of any pair on recent American teams, will be sitting out this year because Jordan's new job won't permit his taking the time. Qualifying for the team, practicing and then playing in the world event demand at least six weeks that Bobby can't spare this year. Eric Murray of Toronto is in the same fix, with the result that his perennial partner, Sammy Kehela, will be trying for the team paired with Baron Wolf Lebovic. Lew Mathe isn't playing because—so he says—he doesn't care for Atlantic City in general, but most observers think there are other, unstated reasons.

Nevertheless, the field will be a strong one, with such pairs as Edgar Kaplan-Norman Kay, Alvin Roth-Bill Root, B. Jay Becker-Dorothy Hayden, Tobias Stone-John Crawford among those with plenty of experience against the Italians. Also long experienced is George Rapce—five world championships, including three wins—partnered by Sidney Lazard, who played in his sole world championship by the unanimous invitation of his five teammates.

I am not about to argue with the philosopher who first comforted a loser with, "You can't win 'em all." But I wish I could explain why Lazard, who is rated among the world's greatest card-players, should have won, comparatively speaking, so few. Of course, the 37-year-old New Orleans oilman does not play in all the tournaments. In fact, last time I saw him at a tournament I almost failed to recognize him. In the interim, while he missed a couple of Nationals, he had taken off 50 pounds. Lazard is a gentle-mannered man who looks forbidding. He cheerfully admits that he didn't do too well against the Italians when he played on the American team in 1959.

"But I worried them a lot," he adds.

Lazard always plays spectacularly—possibly because as an aggressive bidder he more often needs to conjure an extra trick out of nowhere than to come up with a safety play that insures a comfortable contract. Naturally this endears him to the kibitzers, nobody in the audience that watched him play for New Orleans in a winning intercity match against Dallas-Houston late last fall would have agreed with Sid's own estimate—that he was not playing quite as well as he had a year before. This was the kind of hand with which he gave the audience a treat:

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH			
♠	10 9 8 5		
♥	A 8 3		
♦	A 10 5		
♣	Q J 8		
WEST			
♠	J		
♥	Q 10 7 5		
♦	K 8 7 4		
♣	A 9 7 6		
EAST			
♠	A K		
♥	Q 2		
♦	Q J 9 6 3 2		
♣	5 4 2		
SOUTH			
♠	Q 7 6 4 3 2		
♥	K J 6 4		
♦	—		
♣	A 10 3		
NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
(Strubas)	(Lazard)	(Lazard)	(Jacobs)
PASS	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
2 N 4	PASS	4 ♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: jack of spades

North and South were playing limit raises so, although North's two-no-trump bid looked normal, it was in fact the equivalent of a strong double raise in spades. Had Lazard rebid only three spades, it would have indicated a weakish third-hand opening and North could have passed.

In the other room, against the same contract, West had opened a diamond, ducked in dummy and ruffed by South. Declarer led a trump, and when East won he shifted to the 9 of hearts, taken by dummy's ace. The ace of diamonds

P
R
N
3
2
1

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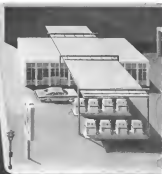
BRIDGE *continued*

was cashed, declarer discarding a club. Dummy's last diamond was ruffed and South exited with a second trump. East won and returned another heart. South went up with the king and exited with a heart. If hearts had been evenly divided, with West originally holding three to the queen, that player would have been forced to lead a club or else give declarer a ruff in dummy while he discarded a second club. As it was, West was able to win with the 10 of hearts and exit with the queen, forcing dummy to ruff. The club finesse was off, and the contract went down one.

Lazard had to cope with the far less helpful opening lead of a trump. But one slight slip in the defense—East's failure to cash his second high trump at once—left the tiny chink through which Lazard pulled home his contract. East figured that it might be necessary to lead twice in order to keep his partner out of an end play. As a result, East himself became the end-play victim. When he won the trump lead he shifted to the 9 of hearts. As was the case in the other room, Lazard did not take the "free" finesse by playing the heart jack. He won the trick in his hand with the king and made the essential and brilliant play of returning a low club!

His reasoning? East was marked with the ace-king of spades. He must also have at least one honor in diamonds, since West presumably would have led that suit with a solid holding. Therefore, since East had passed initially, he was most unlikely to hold the king of clubs, so it would not pay to waste a vital entry to dummy to take a losing finesse.

In addition to putting the "right" opponent on lead, the low club return set a mid trap for West. If he ducked, South could discard his remaining low club on the ace of diamonds after winning the trick in dummy. But West didn't fall. He went up with the king and exited with a club. Dummy's queen won, and Lazard cashed dummy's ace of diamonds—discarding a heart—ruffed a diamond and returned to dummy with the ace of hearts, extracting East's last card in that suit. Dummy's last diamond was ruffed, the ace of clubs was cashed and East was put on lead with his high trump. With nothing left but diamonds, East had to allow Lazard to discard his last heart while dummy ruffed—and the gallery applauded loud and long. **END**



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Better. Because we decided that the way to make you stop at a Mobil Station, instead of another station, is to give you something better to stop for.

Mobil
Detergent Gasoline



Ohl the old swammy-hole where the
crick is still and deep
Looked like a baby river that was
laying half asleep
And the circle of its waters round
the drifts just below
Spanned like the hatch of something
we don't need to know



Before we could remember anything

bill the wies.

Of the eggless parkin' roll us we left

Paradise,

but the mucky deer and vulture robes are

old confederate.

And it's hard to put a fence with the

old swat-dolla'-lane.

THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE

John From omb Riley - 188



BY BIL GILBERT

Greenfield, Ind. lies 20 miles east of Indianapolis, and, more than ever, its chief function is to serve as another undistinguished back bedroom for the big city. The principal, apparent difference between Greenfield and other flat, uninspiring cities of 11,000 is that James Whitcomb Riley was born there in 1849. In consequence and out of necessity, not having much else to push, Greenfield boasts the poet. There is a statue of JWR in the center of Greenfield at the front door of the Hancock County Courthouse. There is the Riley Memorial Park and the Hoosier Post Motel. The house in which he was born has been preserved and restored by the Riley Old Home Society. Ladies of the society escort visitors, at 50¢ a head, through the house, pointing out the bed in which "our poet slept" and reciting appropriate lines of *Little Orphan Annie* when the tour reaches the servants' quarters. Then, also in a commemorative way, in Greenfield, on the bridge in town where U.S. Highway 40 crosses Brandywine Creek, there is a bronze plaque indicating that the water below was Riley's, too.

Immortalize is a large, emphatic word, like always, forever, and truly, and it should be used gingerly, if at all. Therefore, rather than claiming that our poet immortalized the "gurglin' worters" of the Brandywine, it is safer to say that he only scooped out a spot for them in the heartland of mythic America under the blueberry-pie trees, in front of the old ball park, beyond the waving fields of grain.

This notion—that while *The Old Swimmer'-Hole* may not be great literature, it is great myth—seems to be the only one that accounts for the fact that Brandywine Creek, the water from which the legend was distilled, created a national news flurry this past summer. In mid-July the sanitarian of Hancock County, Dick Wilson, put up a sign in the Brandywine, 100 yards upstream from the bronze plaque, which prohibited swimming and wading in the creek on the grounds that the water was sufficiently polluted to constitute a health hazard. A young reporter, Dick Baum-

bach, took a picture of the closing while his editor, Dick Spencer, wrote a corresponding story for *The Greenfield Daily Reporter*. Both picture and story were subsequently picked up and published all over the country. Editorials of proper dismay and anguish followed.

This caused a good many nettled citizens of Greenfield to point out that there are a number of bodies of water that have been officially designated as polluted and innumerable others that probably should or could be. This is true but irrelevant. When you poison the Hudson River, Lake Michigan or Chesapeake Bay, you are only contaminating water. But if you poison the Old Swimmer'-Hole you are messing with mythic water.

So one morning in Greenfield I walked through Riley Park, along the banks of the Brandywine, from the Route 40 bridge, past the Stay Out-No Swimming-Wading-Danger-Disease sign. It is a distance of 712 paces, and local authorities told me that someplace in the course of this stroll I was almost sure to pass a place where our poet swam. The Brandywine is 50 feet or so wide and about a foot deep, except in several elbow turns where there are deep holes. The current of the Brandywine is sluggish, the water gray-green in color, greasy in appearance, rank in odor. What can be seen of the bottom is silty. The banks are low, fringed with reeds, buttonbush, Queen Anne's lace, poison ivy, a few small sycamores.

In the Brandywine that morning were 76 tin cans (beer and soft drink containers being the most numerous), 12 paper and six Styrofoam cups, 11 glass bottles, three broken park benches, three automobile tires, three light bulbs, two plastic detergent bottles, two piles of broken brick, two dead rats and one (or part of one) of each of the following: steel cable, oil can, bundle of newspapers, lard bucket, highway guardrail, sandal, boot, toolbox, car seat, watermelon rind. In an anatomy way I saw several patches of duckweed, three schools of either dace or shiner minnows, half a dozen

grass frogs and one stinkpot turtle.

In this stretch there are three tiny tributaries flowing into the Brandywine. Beneath the municipal swimming pool, which is set above the east bank, there is a drain, presumably serving some function in the pool's plumbing system. Fifty yards upstream on the west bank, a very small, apparently freshwater spring oozes up from beneath the roots of a sycamore. Someone had stashed the remains of a picnic lunch into this spring-hole, so that the water, before reaching the Brandywine, had to pass through a cold-meat-sandwich filter. Finally, above the No Swimming sign there is an open drain, through which seeps (at a rate of about two cups a minute) a thick, blackish liquid that smells bad. Dick Wilson, who, as sanitarian, had officially closed the Brandywine, said that though what came out of the drain was pretty much pure sewage, it was not from McCuller's slaughterhouse. He was not certain what was the source but he suspected an illegal septic tank and he planned to check it out when he had some spare time.

Directly above the drain the park ends in a tangled, swampy thicket. Beyond, the Brandywine flows first through suburban backyards, then into farmland, fenced fields, and on to what appears to be its source, a boggy woodlot 15 miles or so northeast of Greenfield. After leaving the Old Swimmer'-Hole proper, I stopped making a detailed body count of debris and concentrated more on what might be called the ecology of pollution.

At the edge of Greenfield there is an abattoir directly on the bank of the Brandywine, the loading and holding pens nearly extending down to the water. Dick Wilson explained that formerly this had been a serious source of pollution—"blood, guts, hair, offal." However, the operator had put in a settling tank, which had reduced, though not eliminated, the problem. Hancock County is not principally stock country, but fairly frequently the Brandywine runs past cattle yards or through pig pens. Five miles above town there is a surprising ranch with a field full of ostrich-

os, buffaloes, zebras, antelopes and other exotics, imported and pastured along the Brandywine by a local ready-mix cement (soon Brandywine Creek must be one of the few streams in Indiana that carries ostrich feathers and zebra dung).

To the east of Riley Park is found the only substantial source of industrial pollution, a plastic coating works that is a branch of Arvin Industries. Formerly, enough acid waste from this factory flowed into the stream to kill fish. Acid is still flowing but at a slower rate. The biological effects of the acid that remains are unknown, but they are not obviously fatal to any visible sort of wildlife. Directly above the slaughterhouse there is a small dam across the creek, and along the banks of the created impoundment there is a development community of 30 or 40 mobile homes. Such clusters of new houses, mobile and otherwise, small, square boxes of the sort that bug folk singers, sit on small, square lots throughout the Brandywine Valley. Many of the owners are Indianapolis commuters, and there are apparently more of them coming. A mile above town a streamside swamp is being cleared, filled and subdivided. At the very end of the Brandywine on one side

of the marshy quarter section in which the stream rises, Clark and Russell of Wilkerson, Ind., are offering lots for sale and two new houses are now being built.

A family living in the country creates as much waste as a city one but must dispose of it privately, there being no sewer mains. The usual practice is to put in a septic tank, which holds the solid wastes and spreads the liquid matter over a large enough area so that it is not obvious or objectionable in any one place. Sewage from septic tanks (and for that matter any other system) does not disappear. It becomes part of the soil and eventually some of it enters the natural drainage system, the main artery of which in this area is Brandywine Creek.

The Brandywine Valley is low with very little pitch, the soil is heavy. Drainage is a general problem, much of the land having once been almost a swamp. Some of it still is. In consequence, it is a benign environment for mosquitoes. In years past southern Indiana was malarial. Now, for the sake of health and comfort, insecticides are sprayed over the marshes either by public employees, as is the case in Greenfield city, or by private landowners in the rural areas. One feature of insecticides is their re-

sidual durability. The poisons do not break down quickly. All of the spray eventually comes back to earth, some directly, some after having passed through animals. This waste product enters the drainage system in considerable amounts, too.

There is also a somewhat special related phenomenon in the area. The city of Greenfield has put in a new incinerator, replacing its old garbage dump located on the Brandywine. Last summer the original dump seemed with rats. "They're getting hungry, restless," Watson explained. "So now they're beginning to move up the stream through those weeds and junk, looking for food and runs. We've bought \$400 worth of poison. We're going to saturate the area. The poison kills the rats but only makes dogs and cats vomit. Next Wednesday a federal pest-control man is coming down from Purdue University to demonstrate the proper use of the stuff." The rats will die in the Brandywine.

The major crossing over the creek is that of new Interstate Highway 70 that bypasses Greenfield on the north. This divided freeway has only recently been completed, and the road cut at the Brandywine bridge is still raw, a good source of silt. The other bridges are very small ones, carrying county roads across the stream, but each crossing, of whatever size, constitutes a kind of artificial tributary. Highway ditches carry runoff from feedlots, topsoil, agricultural fertilizers, herbicides, pesticides. Automotive wastes—grease, gasoline, exhaust—drop or settle into the water at the bridges. Also the bridge clearings are obvious places for fishing, throwing bottles and other items or for making love, all of which are activities that contribute to the contents of the creek.

There is, in the end, no method, no instruments of analysis sufficiently sensitive to determine precisely the composition of the compound that flows down the Brandywine into the Old Swimmer's Hole. Generally, incompletely, however, it is a mix of water, silt, human, animal and industrial wastes, highway drippings, fertilizers, herbicides, pesticides, soluble garbage, insoluble trash, dead

continued



This was the way it was that day last July when they closed down the old Swimmer's Hole.

A
reformed hippie
writes:



Like, man,
my search for
new intellectual
horizons was
going Nowheresville
until I switched to
Colt 45.

It succeeded where
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failed.

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Old Swimmun'-Hole *continued*

rats and live bacteria. Give or take a pinch of this and a jigger of that, this is the sort of broth that is the stock solution of most of the rivers, lakes and estuaries of America.

In Greenfield nobody denies that Brandywine Creek is a mess. A few don't deny it because they know it is a mess. The great majority don't deny it because they haven't had occasion to look at the creek in some years. If a stranger shows up and says the creek is full of junk and poison, they are inclined to believe him, knowing how it is with water everywhere these days.

This would seem to be a sneaky, snotty way of saying that, contamination-wise, the people of Greenfield are placid, ignorant copouts. This is not the inference intended, though. Sewage, poisonous water and garbage disposal are about as natural and attractive subjects for casual conversation and speculation in Greenfield as any place else—that is, they are unnatural, unattractive subjects. Also, there are probably as many people in Greenfield, as in any other city, who amuse themselves by walking along creeks counting tin cans—which is very few citizens.

"I haven't been down there in years," says Alta Murdock, who operates a motel on Route 40 several hundred yards east of the Brandywine. "but if it is unsightly with trash laying around, that certainly is not a good thing for the reputation of the town, considering that it is an old historical landmark. Closing down the stream for swimming was probably a good thing. The children have that pool in the park and that is made for swimming. There is really no reason why they should have to use the creek."

A Mrs. McCorkle, who was on hostess duty at the old Riley home, said, "I suppose it is not very clean, but all that publicity about how dirty the poet's old swimming hole is, is embarrassing. It's natural to want to keep that kind of thing to yourself, don't you think?" Actually, I suppose there is not a whole lot that can be done about the real pollution. You know, we have already spent more than a million dollars on a new sewage plant. But, if there are tires and

cans and things like that in the creek, we certainly should take action. You know, it is always women who have to take action on beautification and things like that. The summer is a bad time with everyone vacationing, but I am sure in the fall, when we get back together, the women's clubs are going to be asking some questions of the city fathers about the creek. If we don't get answers, maybe we should see if we can get some new city fathers."

Dick Wilson is the only man in Greenfield who has much interest in counting or thinking or talking about tin cans. "There is unquestionably a lot of debris in the creek," says Wilson, "and it looks bad, but that does not make it a cesspool, which is the impression that the photograph and all those stories gave." And what does make it a cesspool?

"Actually the whole matter was exaggerated. Look," says Wilson, shuffling out a paper that essentially lists the standings of various bodies of water in the pollution league of Hancock County. "I check water all over the area. All you can say of the so-called Old Swimmun'-Hole is that it is mildly polluted."

The substance of the pollution count is that water with a colloform (noxious bacteria) index number of under 1,000 is not technically polluted. Only one body of water in Hancock County that Wilson had tested was under the magic, nonpoisonous number. The Old Swimmun'-Hole logged in at about 2,000, comparing very favorably with the champion, which had run up a colloform score of 23 million.

Then was the no swimming-wading-danger-disease sign that Wilson put up in the Brandywine something of a sanitarian's hoax?

"Anyone you have pollution," Wilson patiently explains, "you have a potential health hazard—typhoid, hepatitis, other infections. But it is almost impossible to say how hazardous. I testified in court once about an exposed garbage pile. Their lawyer asked me what dangerous bacteria were in the pile, how many, what disease would they cause, had anyone ever been made sick be-

continued

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cause of that particular dump. I couldn't tell him I doubt that anyone could.

"My point is that because the Brandywine is the Old Swinmin'-Hole the whole thing has been exaggerated. Actually, it was more polluted several years ago before the city of Greenfield installed the new sewage treatment system. Before that there was a lot of raw sewage in the water and it stunk to high heaven sometimes. The sewage plant hasn't cleared it all up, never will, but it has helped."

Then why did the sign go up this year rather than in the bad, old, stinking days?

"Well, that is sort of hard to explain. Actually, I was cooperating with the police in Riley Park. They had some trouble with kids playing around in the creek. So they asked me to help them out with that sign. The creek is just not an approved place for youngsters to be. It is easier for the police to know what the kids are doing when they are at the pool rather than scattered up and down the creek."

If you leave things here, you leave Dick Wilson as the stereotyped small-time, small-minded bureaucrat, fussing with his papers, mostly interested in not having his boat rocked and in return willing not to rock anyone else's boat. For conventional purposes it would, in fact, be tidier to leave him there, for such stereotypes are as common to view-with-alarm conservation literature as Brooklyn privates are to war novels. But the truth is occasionally stranger than convention. Just before he said "It's been my pleasure. If I can do anything else for you, let me know," Wilson said:

"In the short run the sewage that gets into the Brandywine—the garbage, the rats—are not life-and-death matters. At any given time it is probably easier, cheaper, more polite to put up with them than not. But I have the feeling that in the long run it is a life-and-death matter. If it goes on for another 50, 100, 200 years, we'll probably die because we can't live in our own dirt. We are like too many animals in too small a pen. Little by little we are covering everything with filth, poisoning the place we live in. Frankly, it doesn't seem too

realistic



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Old Swimmer's Hole continued

likely to me that we will be willing or even able to do anything to avoid getting to that time."

Berry S. Hurley, the mayor of Greenfield, is a professional politician, rumored in town to have ambitions for higher places. Therefore, he is beset by problems common to politicians everywhere. Crimes that someone else considers to be immediate, he must consider immediate. For example, on a Saturday morning there were a lot of long-haired, restless youths standing around the corridors of the Greenfield City Hall. Some were locals, dragsters and noisemakers, violators of the town's curfew. Others were foreign, hippy types who had been hitchhiking through Greenfield. All had been busted the previous night by Mayor Hurley's men and were being tried in municipal court for their unapproved acts. "There should be a law that every boy has to have a haircut every three weeks," the mayor said, glaring out of his office door at the occupants of the city hall corridor. "That long hair is a gesture of contempt toward law and order. That is the only reason they let it grow."



Greenfield's mayor in Riley's "baby-saver."

Ordinarily, pollution is not, as Dick Wilson said, regarded as immediate a crisis as is law and order in most constituencies. Therefore, for most mayors it is just in the nature of a dull, continuing, sub-Exedrin administrative headache. However, now and then it will flare up when, for example, typhoid or garbage men strike or when a smart-aleck, young boy reporter sells a picture of your dirty river to a wire service.

"So far as I am concerned there was no reason for putting up that sign. There is some pollution, but under my administration we have done something about the problem," said the mayor about the Old Swimmun'-Hole crisis. "I suppose maybe Dick Wilson took a reading on a real hot day. I could take that sign down, it's on city property, but I make a real effort to cooperate with other officials. Naturally I'm not surprised the *Reporter* should jump on it.

"The paper and the old line establishment of this town have fought my administration from the beginning. But I don't lose any sleep over the sniping. I was elected by a bigger majority in the second campaign than the first so I guess the people are with me. Here is a clipping," said the mayor, handing over a tear sheet from the *Daily Reporter*, "about the last election. You can take it along.

"Now take the situation in regard to the Brandywine. The city is doing its part. We put in a modern sewage system, as you know. We talked Arvin into reducing the acid waste flow. Two years ago I tried to clear up all that junk around the so-called Old Swimmun'-Hole, dredge the silt out of the creek. You know who stopped me?"

Who?

"The U.S. Government. A federal marshal came into this office and said I'd better get our equipment out of the creek, that we might change the water level downstream in the county. I'll tell you this, the real pollution in that stream comes from the cotinity. The county says they haven't got the money to do anything about it. Right now I've got a chemist making tests. When I get my environmental



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Old Swamin'-Hole continued

dence I'm going to present it to the Indiana State Health Department and see if they can get the county to move. If you want to know about the pollution, talk to the county people."

Conveniently, the Hancock County Planning Board was meeting that same morning in the courthouse, directly across from City Hall. Among others at the meeting was Fred Bullman, a big, weathered farmer, who is a member of the planning board, a Hancock County commissioner and a longtime rural resident of the area.

"I know what the mayor says," said Bullman, "but I also know, and he does too, that Greenfield is still putting sewage in the Brandywine, despite that million-dollar plant. A while back we were trying to clean up the creek, but the city council wouldn't put up \$5,000 to pay for the work in the city."

"We don't have a whole lot of resources but we are making an effort in the county. Years ago nearly everybody had an outhouse. Now we've got good regulations regarding septic tanks, trash, dumping."

"Have we had occasion to enforce them? Not to my recollection. You can't put a gun to a man's head over something like this. You've got to be flexible, work it out. If a man is going to raise hogs, he has to put them somewhere."

"I live on Sugar Creek. Years ago I swam there. Last summer my little grandson was swimming in Sugar Creek and he got a real bad infection. He can't swim there anymore, which is too bad, but I can't truthfully suggest what county government alone can do about it. It's a general condition. Here is an example. There is a farm I know that for years was a one-family place. Now it has been subdivided into little lots, and there are 16 families living in their own homes on the place. So just there alone we have 16 times more problems than we used to, and I can't say sanitation is the most urgent one. We have to consider schools, roads, protection. Maybe we would all be better off if we lived like we did 50 years ago, but we can't. So we

continued

have to put up with the way things are now, which means you are not going to swim in the Brandywine or Sugar creeks. It is too bad but it is not exactly the end of the world."

So there is a common refrain in the reproaches of Commissioner Bullman, Mayor Hurley, Sanitarian Wilson, Editor Spencer, Mrs. McCorkle and others. It is: "It's not my fault." Now, again according to literary and intellectual convention, this observation should serve as a metaphysical launching pad for a burst of purple conservatism prose that would illuminate the rotten truth—that it is their fault—that they and a lot of the rest of us are guilty as hell of poisoning the land. However, on the whole, the commissioner, mayor, sanitarian, all of them may make more sense than the customary purple prose. At the tightest technical level it is not their fault, because the American system of government is based on the principle that it is the inalienable right of any public officeholder to have a place where he can pass the buck.

In a larger way (and now we return to the mythic-hugger-than-the-Hudson Brandywine) colloforms in the water, poison on the land and smog in the air are not even the fault of the system, much less anyone operating within it. It is true that you can name numerous, apparently malicious wrongdoers: slobbish litterbugs stopping springs with bologna sandwiches; venal pesticide pushers; smutty auto lobbyists telling people that, while exhaust fumes may not actually be good for them, they are necessary; and corrupt politicians who permit all this to go on. But these folks are essentially social psychopaths, probably no more numerous or important than congenital kleptomaniacs.

Pathological nest foulers may make an attractive target for beautifiers, cleaner-uppers and sweeteners of the land, but their total influence is trivial. If they were all disposed of tomorrow in some human landfill, the Brandywine, real and mythical, would not again be what it was in James Whitcomb Riley's day. It would not be, because between 1883 and now more of us than ever before have

continued



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Old Swinnin'-Hole *continued*

used the land harder than any land has ever been used before.

People riding along Interstate 70, coating things with plastic, building suburban houses, raising pigs, slaughtering pigs, growing beans, keeping bugs from eating up the beans, killing mosquitoes, making garbage, answering nature's call are not, under any sane, compassionate system of philosophy, ethics, morality, guilty of anything but living. The land is poisoned with use, and daily becomes more foul because of use.

So what—so what do you do? So in the short run, when the Brandywine begins to stink, the thing called for in the name of sweet, temporary self-preservation is a bigger and better sewage system and adjuncts thereto. But in the long run that may be trivial.

Because I am an ecologist and an optimist, and because it is a notion that had occurred to me previously, I liked Dick Wilson's figure about "too many animals in too small a pen." Like every other species, we live by using the environment. We will use it as long as we are able to, as hard as we can. Then we will have to leave when we have used up our place of living. If there is no place else to go, by reason of everything else having been also used up, then, to put it euphemistically, a lot of us will have to stop using the land. When this happens, when the pressure to use the land is relaxed, the land will come back, be purified, become suitable for new use—the "worners" will gurgel again. If one is sufficiently optimistic, the whole matter can simply be regarded as one of life and death.

Oh! the old swinnin'-hole! When I last saw the place,
The scenes was all changed, like the change in my face;
The bridge of the railroad now crosses the spot
Where the old divin'-log lays sunk and forgot.
And I stray down the banks where the trees ust to be—
But never again will they shade shelter me!
And I wish in my sorrow I could step to the soul,
And dive off in my grave like the old swinnin'-hole. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BILLYARDS. JOE BALSIS won the U.S. Open billiards championship with a \$5,000 first prize in Lansing, Mich. Balis came back from the lowest bracket of the double elimination to beat Glen Elderberg in the final.

BOATING. MEL BIGGS set a new record in winning the Miami-Nassau cruise powerboat race. A single sailer this month, Biggs sailed the 181-mile course in 3:12.47, almost six minutes faster than the record established in 1967 by Albin Brown. Only 16 out of the 43 starters finished the race. Peter Reinman was second and Dick Bertram third.

BOXING. JOE SHAW won a majority decision over the Miami-Nassau cruise powerboat race. A single sailer this month, Biggs sailed the 181-mile course in 3:12.47, almost six minutes faster than the record established in 1967 by Albin Brown. Only 16 out of the 43 starters finished the race. Peter Reinman was second and Dick Bertram third.

FOOTBALL. NFL. It was a week of action and intense changes. New York (4-1) lost for the first time, 24-21, when a revived ATLANTA (1-1) intercepted a pass to stop a Giant drive on the Yuletide. The Giants lost with a 15-14 tie play. Free Tarrance, the NFL's leading passer (three for three touchdowns and eight hits that first morning in December), had another good game. WASHINGTON (3-2) held on to a precarious three-point lead to defeat Pittsburgh (0-5) 14-13. DALLAS (5-2) beat Philadelphia (4-3) 34-14 and took over undisputed possession of first place in the Central Division. The Cowboys' Don Meredith was named all American by a unanimous Eagle defense and was thrown for losses on every play, but still completed 21 of 38 passes for 361 yards. The Cowboys' defense was even better and caught the Eagles' Norm Snead on every down and intercepted four passes. The Cowboy Division standings resembled a mirror image. COLGATE (2-3) defeated Cleveland (2-3) and NEW ORLEANS (3-1) beat Minnesota in the first tie in the division. St. Louis, helped by two first-half interceptions, sound after back, then played tough defense, holding the Browns to 22 yards on the ground and intercepting a possible touchdown pass to win 21-7. Two last quarter field goals gave the Bears a 20-17 victory over the Vikings. DETROIT (3-1) moved into a tie for first in the Central Division with the Vikings by beating Chicago (1-4) 28-10. But fan, last year's NFL offensive Rookie of the Year, passed 211 yards and scored three touchdowns. Green Bay (2-3) lost Quarterback Bart Starr before the game started, as he pulled a muscle warming up. Even then the Packers could have won, even though the defense played at an superb beat and held Los Angeles to a total of 150 yards, but Bruce Gossett—with records left—scored a 22-yard field goal to give LOS ANGELES (3-2) a 16-14 victory. BALTIMORE (3-2), on a conflict count with the Rams,

lost place at the top of the Coastal Division by defeating San Francisco (2-3) 42-14. Bart Starr (1-4) the superstar, threw two touchdowns and with 10 minutes left on time and gave Johnny Unitas his first chance to play this season. Chicago properly passed for a touchdown.

AFL. New York (3-2) after a strong start, began an annual collapse early and lost to DENVER (3-1) 35-13. The Broncos' Steve Brown threw a 12-yard touchdown pass to Eric Crabtree while the Jets' Art Nehemiah scored five interceptions and no touchdowns. Boston (2-3), with a chance to tie for the lead in the Eastern Division, lost to BOSTON (2-4) 18-0. Miami (1-5) and Buffalo (1-4-1) moved the chase to tight on the standings, seeking for a 14-14 tie. SAN DIEGO (4-1) broke Oakland's 14-game winning streak by defeating the Raiders (4-1) 21-14. An eight-minute defense overcame three fumbles and intercepted two passes while Lance Alworth and John Elway combined to complete nine passes for 182 yards and a touchdown. KANSAS CITY (3-1) won over a 14-0 Denver (1-5-4) and scored a touchdown in the fourth quarter to win 13-3 and take over first place in the West.

GOLF. The U.S. came down seven strokes back at the start of the final round in the Eisenhower Trophy at Inverness, Scotland. Dick Sanders (1-1) of Westport, Conn. and Marvin Gles of Lynchburg, Va. shot 75 to lead the successful U.S. comeback. Grant Brant, the leader going into the final round, could have led at the 72nd hole, but a double bogey moved a 10-foot putt and the British team finished second.

GARY PLAYER discussed Tony Jackson on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff. They were out to defeat Bob Charles by two strokes and won the World Match Play golf championship at Virginia Water, England.

HARNESS RACING. KUM CUPMASTER (2:45) beat Fulla Napoleon by 1 1/2 lengths to win the \$150,000 Cum Futurity, the second leg of racing Triple Crown at Yonkers Raceway. Race continued with the first, The Little Misses Day, at Delmonico Park. The final event of the series will be the Messenger Stake at Rousesville Raceway on October 26.

SHOW SPEED. (1:53) won the Hickory Smoke Tour at Liberty Bell Park, Philadelphia, after Nevada Prize, favored to repeat at Raritan Horse of the Year, broke stride.

SOYER SPIN. Driving a turbo-charged Oldsmobile, RONNIE BRUCKNOM averaged 143.044 miles in the inaugural race at Michigan International Speedway, Ingham, Mich. Brucknom scored \$11,000 for his victory. Mario Andretti was

ruled second after a protest and Bobby Unser was moved back to third (see 6-1).

BASEBALLS. NAMED BILLY MARTIN, the aggressive second baseman and ringer of the New York Yankees, a club's captain of the 1950s, as manager of the Minnesota Twins to replace Cal Ermer. Martin, third-base coach for the Twins when they won the pennant in 1965, won the last season managing the Denver Bears of the Pacific Coast League, a Minnesota farm team, in preparation for accession to a major league job.

NAMED. JOE SCHULTZ, a coach of the pennant-winning Cardinals and a successful catcher with the Pirates and the St. Louis Browns from 1936 to 1946, as manager of the New Seattle Pilots.

NAMED. CLYDE KING, former Dodger relief pitcher and general manager of the Phoenix Giants of the PCL, a San Francisco farm team, in support of Herman Franks as manager of the San Francisco Giants.

TRADED. YADA PINSON, one of the National League's better hitters with a .297 lifetime batting average for 11 years in the majors, to the pennant-winning St. Louis Cardinals by the Cincinnati Reds. In return the Reds accepted promising but disappointing Cleveland first baseman Bob Feller, a .260 hitter in 1968 and right-handed pitcher. Feller, a .260 hitter in 1968 and right-handed pitcher, was traded to the Cardinals, where transactions add experience and depth to the team. Pinson, a .260 hitter in 1968 and right-handed pitcher, was traded to the Cardinals, where transactions add experience and depth to the team. Pinson, a .260 hitter in 1968 and right-handed pitcher, was traded to the Cardinals, where transactions add experience and depth to the team.

ANNOUNCED. NINO BENVENUTI will defend his middleweight title against Gus Fabbiani, the 11 contender, on November 21 at Las Vegas, Italy.

RETIRED. GYPSY BOE HARRIS 23-year-old middleweight contender, by the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission, for having said that he was in his right eye. Harris, an athlete in his boxing style as he was in his training habits, reportedly claims he was injured in an accident outside of the ring some time ago and had passed several perfect examinations since by memorizing the eye chart. The blindness was discovered by chance after a special weigh-in make certain Harris would be able to make the lightweight 156-pound weight for an October 23 fight with Manny Gonzalez.

CREDITS

4—Bert Coats, 17—Ben Davidson, 18—Mick Schenker, 20, 21—Ray C. Green, 22—36—other writers by James Pore, 38, 41—writings by Gilbert Sings, 32—Phil Sping, 37, 40—London Clark, 39, 40—Pore of Pore, 42—C. C. Schenker, 43, 44—Pore, 45—Schell, 37—Dick Smith, 38—Fred Schell, 42—James Gonzalez, 38, 41—Wolfe

FACES IN THE CROWD



SALLIE GURBIR of Kirkwood, Mo., mother of four and part-time Anne Oakley (she is the women's world 12-gauge steel-shooting champion), tied the record for the 410-gauge shotgun by breaking 97 of 100 targets at the recent Missouri State Championships.



RAYMOND CHAPMAN, a Memphis, Tenn. high school football star, is an exceptional performer who starts even in defeat. Chapman rushed for 282 yards while his Booker T. Washington High School team was beaten 40-13. Chapman scored both of his team's touchdowns.



JOHN KOLIUS, 17, of Houston, with his brother Jay and Danny Williams as crew, came back after an early disqualification to become the first Texan to win the Scum Cup, the national junior sailing championship held on San Francisco Bay. Kolius won by 3 1/2 points.



GEORGE RUTH of Columbia, Pa. is a seventh-grader who can both play the William Tell Overture and split an apple at 100 yards. Exchanging his trumpet for a bow and arrow, he won the National Archery Association cadet championship in Tahlequah, Okla.



WENDY BURKHART, 18, of Toledo, Ohio, has already competed in eight tennis tournaments in four states. She has won 23 matches and three titles, the most recent of which was the 10-and-under girls' singles title in the City of Toledo Recreation Tournament.



MABEL FERGUSON, 12, of Pomona, Calif., began running a year ago and won her age group with a 57.8 for the 400 meters in an exhibition meet at Mt. SAC, Lemoore, competing in the California Neighborhood Olympics, she won the 400 for 10-year-olds in 56.8.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

UP THE IRISH!

Sirs,

Dan Jenkins' article on the Notre Dame-Purdue game (*Legacy on the Loose*, Oct. 7) is at best irrelevant and pointless and at worst tasteless and disgusting.

It seems that in his headlong rush to disparage a religion, a community and a university, the game itself became a secondary issue. That is unfortunate, because it was a fine game between a good team and an outstanding one.

Commentary of this type is insulting and does a disservice to both Purdue University, which has a tremendous football team this year, and Notre Dame, which has a matchless football tradition.

PETER J. KIRNEY

University Park, Pa.

Sirs,

Whether Mr. Jenkins is anti-Notre Dame or just uncontrollably glib, I do not know. In either case, his insults to a game team and a fine tradition are ill taken. To a sports fan, this kind of writing is not analytical or revealing but a barefaced and vindictive attempt to ridicule a defeated team.

In the vernacular of football, Mr. Jenkins is a cheap-shot artist who is prone to gloat.

VAN KING

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sirs,

As a student at the University of Notre Dame, I was amused by your article. Mr. Keyes and Co. played an excellent game against us. It is a shame that Dan Jenkins saw fit to cheapen his article on their performance with derogatory remarks aimed at the Notre Dame student body, team and tradition. I must admit, though, that his references to "Rockie in the clouds," the Four Horsemen slapping at shoe tops and "Frank Leahy's grinning face with a halo over it" were childishly clever. Apparently, articles of this kind are the price a university must pay for greatness.

MATTHEW ST. GEORGE

Notre Dame, Ind.

Sirs,

You made an error in assuming that the only Columbus that could produce a quarterback like Mike Phipps is Columbus, Ohio. Not so! Mr. Phipps is a 1966 graduate of Columbus Senior High School in Columbus, Ind.

An All-America in his senior year there, Phipps was noted throughout the state for his quarterbacking ability under the coaching of Max Anderson.

A correction of your statement might be in order if you plan to visit Indiana again

soon. Mr. Phipps's father is an Indiana state policeman.

JOHN DAVID HOPKINS SR.

Lubbock, Texas

● We herewith correct our statement and will drive carefully on our next trip to Indiana.—ED

AYES HAVE IT

Sirs,

In Pat Putnam's report of the Grambling-Morgan State game (*A Man Has Got to Go with What He Believes*, Oct. 7) he stated that one official ruled Grambling's last effort a touchdown and that another official ruled no, and then continued, and I quote, "Of course, the official who said no prevailed."

Let me set you straight. If any one official calls a touchdown—that's what it is. It is not necessary for more than one official to see the ball on, over or above the goal line.

PHILIP E. GENTNER

Dunedin, Fla.

● The first official was asked to reverse his decision, which he did.—ED.

WILD ABOUT HARRY

Sirs,

Myron Cope's article on Harry Caray, the voice of the Redbirds, was most entertaining (*Harry Has His Own Ways*, Oct. 7). He neglected, however, to make mention of Jack Buck, Harry's co-broadcaster, whose perceptive, objective analyses blended with Caray's Cardinal chauvinism gave St. Louis the best broadcast team in the country.

LOUIS GERBER

Washington, D.C.

Sirs,

Having listened to him for four years while attending Southern Illinois University, I can attest to the fact that Harry Caray does give baseball all the enthusiasm of a devoted fan.

As a play-by-play announcer, he is the greatest today. But the Chicago Cubs had one of the best in the late Jack Quinlan. These two men could have been formed from the same mold, judging by the devotion and respect given them by their teams and fans.

Baseball needs more people like Harry Caray to bring excitement to a game some people say has lost its luster. For this type of fan, Harry Caray can help bring back that glimmer of imagination.

SEAMAN JACK LAMBER, USN

Arlington, Va.

Sirs,

Harry Caray is a Cardinal! Your article on the greatest sports announcer was just terrific! To fire Harry would be like trading Brock and Shannon for a utility infielder. He gets my vote.

BILL BURREY III

Reading, Pa.

Sirs,

I had a professor in engineering school who displayed anger only once in the four years that I was in contact with him, and that was when Mr. Caray's name was mentioned. Because of Caray, the man would not even root for the Cardinals.

I'm 180° out of phase with my prof, though, as I think Harry Caray is the greatest. He makes the game worth your attention.

FRANK KING

Tulsa

Sirs,

Well, one of your writers finally came out with an article on a baseball announcer, but unfortunately it was on the wrong one. Vin Scully of the L.A. Dodgers is by far the best announcer in baseball. Comparing the announcing ability of Harry Caray to that of Vin Scully is like comparing a Little Leaguer to Bob Gibson.

I would like to see your magazine come out with an article comparing sports announcers. Being able to announce a game and make it enjoyable is an art in itself, and these men deserve some credit from your magazine (the bible of the sports world).

I live in San Diego and listen to all Los Angeles teams. Vin Scully and Chick Hern make the Dodgers and Lakers easy to follow, while the San Diego announcers (I will not mention their names) are so bad they'll either give you a headache or put you to sleep.

MIKE WALKER

San Diego

Sirs,

Harry Caray haters of St. Louis look on the bright side. You could have had to put up with Phil Rizzuto.

HOPE CHAIKIN

East Meadow, N.Y.

BSCHNAPPS, YES

Sirs,

The Problem Olympics (Sept. 30) article was the most comprehensive, accurate coverage of the Games I have read. It captures the spirit that a former participant can relate to.

The most poignant part of the story
continued

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10TH HOLE *continued*

was that of Hayes Jones and his state-
ment, "It wasn't the medal that mattered,
don't you see, it was the experience."
That sums up my feelings.

I remember lounging in the Russians'
Olympic dormitory four years ago in To-
kyo, and how glad we all were that our row-
ing competition was finally over. A Rus-
sian oarsman, who had been a friend for
years, suddenly began dispensing water
glasses full of homemade vodka (terrible).
On the wall of the small room was an em-
barrassingly large print of Lenin. The con-
versation turned into a sarcastic but friend-
ly political discussion. Soon, amid laughter
and good cheer, my Russian friend rose,
glanced at Lenin and toasted with a grin,
"Spout and schnapps, yes, politics no." I'll
never forget it.

Scatell

ED FERRY

NO LAUGHING MATTER

Sirs:
I have read your magazine for years with
pleasure and almost universal approval.

But your recent article (*Lost Laughter*,
Sept. 30) by a visitor to Kenya on their ath-
letes, coaching and mismanagement (as
judged by a white visitor) distresses me
very much. It is unduly critical of an Afri-
can nation not as old or as sophisticated
as the U.S.

It gets involved in supporting a white
foreigner against a native Kenyan and
then gets into African politics. If the
English had turned more responsibility
over to native people in Africa long ago
they would not be so incompetent. The
change must come now, even though per-
formance suffers. The blacks demand it,
unavoidably so.

Then your writer is most rude, insensitive
and offensive to my feelings in his quote of
Tenné: "Where did Billy Mills went?" Like
others in the article, it seemed designed, cho-
sen to belittle, to humiliate. I have found
many Africans who might make a few er-
rors in English, but they also spoke French,
Arabic and surely one or two or even more
tribal languages. How does Writer Under-
wood sound in Arabic?

Then worst of all is the racial hostility
that glazes out through the article. Your writ-
er is so naturally insensitive, or so blocked
by bias, that he seems to approve his hero's
urging Kenyans to deny their race, color,
political dedication and volunteer to run
with South Africans. That might please
Underwood, but where would it leave the black
athlete in black Africa?

I am a lifetime track enthusiast, a grad-
uate of Cornell, Columbia and Harvard,
a professional worker in behavioral sciences
and experienced in Africa. On the basis
of this professional training and experience,
I say this is a racist article. It can only

strengthen further trouble in Kenya and even
in Mexico City. It is far below your
usual excellence.

I will watch the Kenyans next week with
hope and sympathy. You have added a heavy
emotional burden to their tasks.

EARL PLANET

Upper Saddle River, N.J.

FAVOR

Sirs:
You did the racing world a great favor
by printing the photograph of the driving
(?) finish of the Woodward Stakes (*Mr. Right*
Wins for Dr. Fager, Oct. 7). Mr. Right was
certainly extended, but Damascus had his
ears pricked while Jockey Baeza sat with
his whip uselessly pointed at the sky? A
horse that pricks his ears at the finish is
not generally regarded by horsemen as one
who is driving all out to the wire. I'm glad
that your picture gives those racing fans
who did not see the race an idea of the
kind of ride that Baeza gave the 1967 Horse
of the Year.

Damascus has ostensibly lost this honor
in 1968 by reason of his last two races, in
which he received "atrocious rides" from
Baeza. Frank Whiteley should have gotten
Kathy Kusner to ride Damascus—at least
she would be trying!

DAVID S. WILSON

Greenwich, Conn.

Sirs:

Regarding the article by Charles Goren
on Omar Sharif's Bridge Circus (*The Cir-
cus Under Omar's Tent*, Sept. 9), I was most
surprised to see (in the *New York Post*,
Sept. 12) that Bridge Columnist Alfred
Shenwood presented an entirely different
version of the hand played by Sharif in To-
ronto against the Dallas Aces. According
to SI and Goren, Omar played the hand bril-
liantly to make the four-heart contract. Ac-
cording to Shenwood, Sharif went down
one and did not even make the second best
play. Who is right?

I had the pleasure of watching the Bridge
Circus in person and feel that Omar can
hold his own in the best of competition.

DONALD SINGER

Forest Hills, N.Y.

● Charles Goren got the story from Sha-
rif's teammate, Leon Yaffouze, who ac-
cepts full responsibility for the misun-
derstanding. Yaffouze had not seen the
hand played either, but had the impres-
sion that this was how Omar played it.
"Particularly regrettable," says Goren,
"because I had other examples of fine
play by Sharif and selected this hand
only because it seemed both simple and
dramatic."—ED.

BIAS

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TIME still does.

The founders also took pride in TIME's positive point of view. "TIME," they wrote, "gives both sides but clearly indicates which side it believes to have the stronger position."

TIME still does.

It is not TIME's intent that you agree with its every viewpoint. Rather, TIME's thinking is meant to stimulate your own. One reader has said, "I've disagreed with TIME every issue for 15 years."

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Sports Illustrated

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YESTERDAY

Sweetwater's Bombed Bomber

by ROBERT W. NEUBERT

A small, skinny-looking man wove to the rear of a dimly lit bar on Manhattan's West Side one night in 1941, positioned himself on a stool and ordered a shot. Two hours later he was still there, gulping down drinks and raising his voice in loud, inconsequential argument. Two hours after that he was climbing uncertainly into the ring at New York's Madison Square Garden to defend his prestige (but not his title) as the Lightweight Boxing Champion of the World.

This unpredictable pugilist was Lew Jenkins of Texas, a fighter called "the Living Death" by some sportswriters of the 1930s, "the Sweetwater Swatter" by others. It is probable that no man in the history of the ring ever wasted as many chances. Lew did most of his training on booze and his roadwork on high-speed motorcycles, yet, pound for pound, few fighters ever packed more wallop than this skinny little Texan.

Brute force rather than finesse was responsible for the knockouts Jenkins scored in more than two-thirds of his winning fights. Brute character enabled Jenkins to defeat Bob Montgomery even though he himself had a broken jaw and dislocated shoulder suffered a jaw before the bout. When Jenkins flattened former featherweight-title claimant Mike Bellone in 1939, his powerful punches broke several of Bellone's ribs. But it was the February 28 rematch with Lou Ambers in 1941 that marked the climax of Jenkins' hard-hitting career.

The Swatter had won the lightweight championship from Ambers the year before with a three-round knockout. Ambers later claimed that two Jenkins rights to the jaw were delivered after the bell that ended the second round. This may be debatable, but there was no doubt about the lethal legacy of the blows that sent Ambers spinning to the can-

vas four times in the third round to give Jenkins his eighth consecutive knockout and 14th straight win.

Before he met Ambers again, Jenkins had four more fights, among them a loss to Welterweight Henry Armstrong and a draw with Erling Zivic in two unprecedented nontitle matches. Meanwhile, Ambers—determined to prove Jenkins' earlier kyo was a fluke—was training vigorously. He was in top shape the night that the infuriated Jenkins staggered into Madison Square Garden half an hour before the fight.

"I was so high when I got into the ring I thought I saw two Lou Ambers's in there," Jenkins says. "Everytime I missed a punch—and there were a lot of misses—I nearly fell down."

Observers sitting upward of the alcoholic exhalings that wafted out of the ring were unaware of all this. Of 15,402 fans who paid \$46,443 to see the skirmish, few had any inkling that the champion was defending his honor while bombed to the eyebrows.

Ambers, who had suffered his first knockout in an eight-year career at the end of their first meeting, weighed in at 140½ pounds against 134 for Jenkins. Since Ambers was overweight, the match could not be called a title bout, but all the ex-champ wanted was a chance to display his superiority, and he seemed to be doing just that throughout most of the second encounter.

Jenkins started the fight as if he intended to finish it in one round. As Ambers left his corner, Jenkins swung with a punch that went wild. Twice more the champion unleashed long rights to the head, but Ambers remained out of range and responded with lightning left counterpunches. The round was scored in favor of the challenger.

The second round began with Ambers plunging both hands into Jenkins' bony frame. He then stepped back and ripped a series of lefts into the champion's face. Jenkins tilted his head and assumed a puzled, rather hurt air. But the champion's puzzlement was an illusion. A moment later he snapped a right to the jaw that staggered Ambers.

"Ambers did not go down," a ringside wit observed, "but he did a lot of funny things standing up."

What he did mostly was turn tail and stumble toward the ropes, with Jenkins following right behind. There Lew flailed away at Ambers' back until Referee

continued



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Bomber continued

Arthur Donovan stepped between them.

Notwithstanding all this, Ambers came out strong in the third round, shooting a steady stream of lefts into Jenkins' face. Jenkins backed away from the continuing attack through the fourth and fifth rounds.

The sixth was all Ambers until just before the bell, when Jenkins unsheathed one of the hardest punches of the fight, a slashing right to the jaw. Only because Ambers was backed into his corner did he avoid tumbling to the canvas. Between rounds Jenkins told his trainer he would finish off Ambers in the seventh. "It took all this time to sweat the whiskey out of me," he said later.

In the seventh round Jenkins stepped inside and pushed Ambers to the floor with a left. Ambers rose and offered a handshake after the accidental shove, but Jenkins hit him with a right. A lightning left hook tore into Ambers' jaw and left him on his feet but practically helpless. Sensing victory, the Swatter pummeled Ambers with both hands, pounding him to the floor with a right and a left to the head. Ambers' grunt was clearly audible as he slowly crumpled earthward. He struggled upward at the count of eight, but Referee Donovan moved in to stop the annihilation, and Jenkins was declared winner by a knockout in 2:26. Immediately after the fight Ambers' manager announced that his fighter was retiring.

Sitting sweat-soaked in his dressing room after the fight, the winner and now relatively sober champion—a man seldom troubled by modesty—remarked casually: "How come I didn't knock him out as quick as I did last time?"

For the next six weeks Jenkins trained as usual in the bars and taverns of the town. He met Montgomery for the third time in something less than prime condition, lost by a decision and wandered back to the bars.

Lew was finished as a champ, but his life was far from over. He joined the Coast Guard late in 1942, piloted a landing craft and was decorated by the British for his D-day heroism. After the war he reenlisted in the Army, tried the ring once more and, after a couple of years of mediocrity, became a hillbilly singer. Today Lew Jenkins is the greenskeeper at the Antioch golf course in California, where he dodges lads instead of jabs. He never touches hard liquor. **END**



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